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JESUS IN THE DESERT.

BY E. H. SEARS.

THE Spirit remanded Jesus to his solitude. A great conflict was inevitable. Such incoming of the Divine truth, glory, and power, through the inmost consciousness, towards their ultimations in the outward life, could not be without meeting and waking into armed resistance all the hereditary tendencies of the Jewish mind. All these had been subsumed in the maternal humanity received through Mary. They had grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength, of the sensuous nature, which for thirty years had drunk in the glories of this lower world. The hereditary proclivities of a long line of ancestry running away up through Jewish kings and priests yearning for worldly empire and ecclesiastical rule, looking towards a Messianic kingdom, which, beginning at Jerusalem, should overspread the earth, and absorb all other kingdoms into itself,—all these were waked up, as if by a voice sweeping down into the soul as the cumulative urgencies of a thousand years. The possession of transcendent and superhuman power had now come to Jesus, no longer in the dim twilight of consciousness, but in its noonday brightness. It was power, compared with which that of David and Solomon, the pride and boast of the Jewish

annals, was contemptible. We do not know of any chapter in history so true to nature, and bearing such indubitable marks of reality, as that of the temptation of Jesus. It never could have come within the experience of feeble and shallow natures, but only those which are deeply and broadly representative, and which take up and compress vast provinces and ages of history into their own. In such as these, the influx of heaven becomes strong as it meets and conquers the efflux of hell.

Let us pause a moment at the words "Devil" and "Satan." They never mean, in any canonical scripture, a fallen angel. Nor again do they mean "the abstract principle of moral evil." Neither Jesus nor his biographers know anything of these philosophical nonentities. To them, the demon world, no less than the angel, was real, active, and personal, inbreathing through the souls of men, and projecting infernal sorceries through their minds and imaginations. It was composed of the spirits of bad men who had lived in the flesh, and were therefore human like ourselves, but unregenerate. Like the angel world, it lay proximate to this; but on the side of our lusts and evils, which it breathed upon and fanned into flame. The words "Devil" and "Satan" described originally the supposed prince of this kingdom of evil; but they ceased to become mere proper names, and stood simply for the impersonation of all the seductive influence from the realm of darkness; just as the word "Gabriel" came to denote, not an individual, but the influx of the angel world itself. But the New-Testament writers give no sanction to the childish superstition of devils assuming material bodies, and, in that shape, set free on the earth for temptation and mischief.

The Spirit remanded Jesus to his solitudes. Heights of exaltation and depths of depression and trial are unavoidable in minds whose range is large enough to include the profoundest workings of God. Having just now become conscious of most divine endowments, the whole spirit of Judaism, from Abraham down to Mary, rose up in his soul to clutch these celestial weapons, and wield them only for Jewish ends. Yes, farther: the awakened self-hood of human nature, including

its hereditary proclivities from Adam down, sought to bring these endowments into the service of self alone, and so place the Son of man in contact with the Son of God, and, if possible, subject the latter to its will.

We follow Matthew's order. The first temptation came in this form: "Turn these stones into loaves, and live by them alone;" or, dropping the language of parable, "Be satisfied with the lowest and most external life of sense, and with that alone," for stones are the lowest grade of external things. What visions of ease and self-gratification are here comprehensively described; all of which could press at once to their realization, if the divine power, newly awakened, could be subsidized to such an end. Such a course were compatible with all the pride of life, including the pride of knowledge, the pride of philanthropy; all tending, however, to exalt self, and surround it with worldly decorations. Such was the tempting path now obvious; and it led to no cross, no conflict, and no sacrifice.

The next temptation was deeper and more subtle. It placed Jesus in the Holy City, and on the pinnacle of its temple; in other words, at the very summit of the Jewish ecclesiasticism. The highest exaltation to which the Jewish religious system could elevate him now rose upon his view. All the honors of its high-priesthood, enlarged beyond its ancient pomp and splendor, were within his grasp. Already he had confounded the doctors in the temple by his precocious wisdom; and now a wisdom more pervasive and comprehending than that of the whole Sanhedrim, or all the scholars of Hillel, was his. It lay in his power to raise Judaism to a fame which would outshine its brightest days in the past, if, instead of breaking its power in pieces, he would throw his Spirit into them, and make them more glorious than ever. Its priesthood would renew its fading lustre, and all its honors would cluster around his person. No conception of ours at this day is adequate to the fact which is here tersely set forth; a temptation that winds into the most hidden recesses of human nature. Ecclesiastical ambition is the most devilish of all; for it prevents a more interior and

more sacred principle than any other, appears always in sanctimonious guises, and secretes a more specious and deadly poison. But Jewish ecclesiasticism excelled all others in this respect ; and now the pride and conceit of a long and splendid priestly line, swelling and gathering force with every new generation, was sending its last efflux into the mind of Jesus. Had it prevailed, it would have placed him in Moses' seat ; the most authoritative, the most accomplished, the most honored, of all the Pharisees.

The remaining temptation, though not so subtle, appealed to an instinct more universally dangerous. It placed Jesus at the summit of Jewish national renown. It showed him all the kingdoms of the world, and he at their head as the long-looked-for temporal Messiah. The magnificent national dream could now be made actual. It had become an essential of Jewish faith ingrained in the heart of every loyal man and woman, that the boundaries of Judæa were to widen and widen over the earth, and over the isles of the sea, and over all peoples, till Jerusalem should be the capital of the world, till the "gentiles should come to its light, and kings to the brightness of its rising." The grand old spiritual promises had sunk from their meaning into the grossest literalism, and pampered the national pride with the expectation of unbounded empire. It was kept alive continually as they answered "Amen" in the synagogues to the ancient prophecies, — "The sons of thine oppressors shall come bending before thee : they that despised thee shall fall down at thy feet." * How this vision flamed up to its highest grandeur as it took body and shape in a mind like that of Jesus, till "all the kingdoms of the world, in a moment of time," were seen crowding to his standard in endless ranks ; how the stream of national pride, pouring through the hearts of all the Jewish kings into his, was urgent to grasp the divine weapons now fairly in his hands, subjugate the Roman oppressor, and inaugurate the universal reign which all the prophets had foretold, — all this we may faintly imagine from our knowledge of hereditary proclivities which set in strongest and

* Isa. lx. 14.

swiftest tides through the largest and most receptive natures.

Forty days, say the records, these temptations continued ; or, as Luke says, till the Devil, "having come to an end of every temptation," left him. Forty days, in Scripture usage, is an indefinite number, and means simply, as Luke intimates, a time, whether longer or shorter, during which the thing appointed to it is accomplished complete. "The forty days' temptations," as we understand, are the terse and graphic summing-up of the whole conflict up to the time of the public ministry of Jesus ; the conflict in which the descending heavens met and subdued the principles of earth and hell, and thus found their unobstructed ultimatum in his mind and in his life. The abounding peace which followed where we are told, that, as Satan left him, angels came and ministered unto him, is also strictly accordant with all our human experience. Those blessed ministries come like tranquillity after storms, consequent on all our moral and spiritual victories. They come to us in the mellow sunshine of the heart flung from the face of God, and the invisible presence of those who reflect his beams ; they came to him, not only in the peace within, but in the "heavens opened," amid whose visible serenities he won his abiding-place.

It is plain that the narration of these conflicts comes originally from the lips of Jesus in that comprehensive language of parable which he was wont to employ. They have the air of most intense reality ; they were witnessed by no mortal eye ; and they are the last things which his disciples afterwards would have invented or imagined, with the intent of glorifying their Master. Mark puts the whole in, but very concisely ; evidently not knowing what to make of it. John omits it ; for the plain reason that he wrote with a full knowledge that the other three evangelists were in possession of all the churches, and that this history already had been thrice told. John, of all the others, would have entered most profoundly into its vast spiritual import. Luke seems to have done this more than either Matthew or Mark ; and Luke

was probably in communication with John. Portions of Luke's gospel are essentially the narrative of the beloved disciple.*

COTTAGE SERVICES IN THE "OLD COUNTRY."

BY REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

THE holding of cottage services is one way of doing good ; and it is a very humble and *homely* way, both figuratively and literally speaking. They are conducted in various parts of England, in connection, in some places, with churches, and in others with institutions of learning, and always with much appreciation and benefit to the people. To thousands of persons in the lowly walks of life, going to the church service is rather a formidable undertaking ; and, when they attend, they behold the gospel afar off : but, when a simple service is had in their own or a neighbor's house, communion of spirit is so felt and enjoyed, that the gospel finds its way to where it ever ought to come, and never stops short of the heart. Again, whole hosts of the people, in every country, only enter a place of worship in cases of christenings, marriages,

* The evidence of this is not merely that his spirit and cast of thought constantly remind us of John ; but Luke's narrative has often the scenic minuteness and distinctness of an eye-witness when relating events of which John was the sole spectator from among the disciples, and which Matthew and Mark speak of in a more general way, or omit altogether. See Luke xxii. 63-71 ; xxiii. 6-11, and 26-44. See also where only John, James, and Peter were spectators, but where Luke's narrative is much more graphic and detailed than that of Matthew and Mark, and where Luke lets us far more minutely than the other two into the spirit of the scene. Luke ix. 28-36, and xxii. 41-46. See, in connection with this, Luke's introduction, i. 1-4, in which he more than implies that he received his facts from eye-witnesses. Even without his declaration, no historian like Luke would undertake such a work, knowing that the eye-witnesses were alive, without consultation with them.

or deaths ; or, in other cases, not for years. It is saddening to think how many are living as heathens, without hope and God in the world ; in the shadows of churches, and in the midst of Christian lands. And is it not vitally important to bring the holy and saving power of religion to bear upon these ? and oftentimes this can be done in no more effectual manner than by rendering its services in their own abodes. This is the aim of cottage services ; and yet they are no new thing, for we read of one held in New-Testament times, at Troas, where Paul preached so long to the brethren in the *upper room*, that poor unfortunate Eutychus went to sleep, and fell through the window.

So-called orthodox and so-called heterodox Christians now have them in operation, ministered to by either pastors or men of pious gifts. They act as feeders to the churches by reaching those who stood apart from them on account of poverty, indifference, ignorance, dissatisfaction, or skepticism. Many noble-minded laymen and ministers have brought untold and unknown blessings to the working classes especially by their good time spent and given in this line of real Christian labor. It was with great pleasure and profit that I listened, several years ago, to the rich experience in cottage preaching, in Bridgewater, of my friend, the Rev. R. Z. Carpenter, of Bridport, and brother of Miss Mary Carpenter. I may tell here what most persons know in England, that this family of Carpenters is a remarkable one for engaging in practical works of Christian beneficence.

Cottage visitation and services now form a very wise and highly important part of the training and education in some seats of preparation for the ministry in England. Experience has proved in many cases, only too often and too long, that the minds and heads of students of divinity have been crammed with old-world knowledge and opinions, until the students have either ceased to have any opinions of their own, or very strange and impracticable ones : and thus, greatly lacking definite ideas of men, things, and Christian teachings, have come forth to teach others, and break to them the bread of life ; and have done it in such an ineffi-

cient, unnatural, and awkward manner, that, in some instances, congregations have gazed upon them as dreamers, or spectators of mental vanity, in others with pity and contempt, and, in others, regarded them as torturers of themselves and their kind. It is now being strongly felt, that, while the mind is being filled with useful knowledge, the heart should be kept fresh and warm, and the soul be fed and satisfied with heavenly nutriment. Accordingly the effort has been made, and so far with the best results, to combine practical with theoretical teaching in the training of students of divinity. And no better way could be devised than that of bringing them into weekly contact with human life in its humbler walks, so as to make them acquainted by experience with the evils under which it is suffering. Here they are taught to sympathize with humanity, and to aid and bless it in its temptations, sorrows, and trials. Here, if anywhere, they become filled and baptized with what has been aptly termed "the enthusiasm of humanity;" for this gracious work calls forth the strength and manhood of students, and brings into full play the emotions, affections, and faculties of the deeper and diviner nature. Heaven only knows how often their labors here are sanctified by earnest, beseeching prayers, on behalf of those they visit and assist with advice and help: yes; and also by blessed tears of sympathy with them and for them in their woes and distresses. The visitation of the home is followed and well supplemented by the religious service in the home by those, who, having advised and helped the people in worldly matters, now give them the bread and water of life, and speak to them of eternal realities.

But, you ask, what is the cottage service? and how is it conducted? It is a service like those in the church, only less than an hour in length. The people give the use of their cottages, and make every preparation, but in some cases receive compensation for light and fire, and you give your services. When the night comes, you find the cottage looking as cheerful and comfortable as it well can be; a bright fire burning, everything polished to its best, the choice table with the Sunday table-cloth on it, a candle burning on either side

of the family Bible, and the best chair in front for your use. Their neighbors are sitting round about, on their own and others' chairs; and a fair proportion of young people sit on the floor, or just where they can get. Sometimes the middle door is open, and both rooms are used. It is then very sweet to the ear, and touching and inspiring to the soul, to hear the sound of praise and prayer proceeding from those lowly dwellings in some court or street down deep in the heart of the great city. It vividly recalls to one's mind, and eloquently re-tells the old story of how Christianity, in the early days of the Christian Church, made its way in the small and great centres of life in the Roman Empire.

In respect to colleges, two students go together to each service,—one to lead the singing, the other to preach. I have occasion to remember the first time I took part in a service of this kind. The hymn before the sermon was nearly finished, when the preacher, my fellow-student, turned and whispered to me, "I feel too ill to preach, and you must do it." I had been thinking on a sermon founded on something in the Epistle to the Hebrews, but felt I could not drop on the chapter and verse at so short a notice, so I rose, and gave out, "You will find the following words in the Epistle to the Hebrews," and then did my best in the way of a sermon. Whether the people noticed the omission of chapter and verse I never knew. As to my companion, he was too unwell to pay any attention.

These services are very warm and hearty, and I may say impressive and profitable to both preacher and hearer. There is a simplicity and a homeliness about the whole thing that has a telling and Christian effect. Now and again, the babies, asleep on their mother's knees by the firesides, will wake up astonished, and try to help the preacher, or the little ones in bed in the rooms above will ask for water, or some other attention. But the preacher and his audience will take these and other things as they come; and they serve as capital reminders to him, to call his attention to the wants of daily life and his solemn work, if, forgetting himself, he should happen to be roaming among the stars, or some other equally

distant place, out of sight and mind of his hearers. Not a few students and ministers will inform you that they have felt more of the power of true, genuine religion in conducting these humble services than oftentimes in leading the devotions of wealthy congregations, in magnificent churches, aided by every appliance of art, and the finest music and singing.

These services, had in the homes of the working-people, might also be held in the houses of the rich : indeed I have attended such. And it would be a glorious thing for Liberal families and Liberal Christianity, if those scattered Liberal Christians "out West," "down South," "up North," and "due East," out of the reach of a Liberal church, would meet at each others' houses at least once on the Sunday, and have Liberal worship, in which the young could lead the singing, and the adults in turn could read the Scriptures, and also prayers and sermons of our best divines. Such would be a blessing to old and young, keep alive and foster Liberal sentiments, and be the nucleus of true churches, and a good foundation upon which to build up strong societies when the fitting time came. Yes : even where there is only one family this could be done, and the light of the Saviour's pure truth kept brightly burning.

It is a grand advance in Christian sentiment, that religious people stand no longer on ceremony, or the propriety of precedent, but boldly affirm that the good done is of far more consequence than the manner of doing it. Hence, if the people will not come to church, they come to the people in the home, and give the religious teaching of the church in the cottage services, or gather them into halls or theatres to the "theatre preaching."

The house of the Lord, the Christian church, is large and wide enough to hold the human family ; and, as many are outside who need its redeeming influences equally, if not more, than those who are enjoying its benefits, the words of Christ to his faithful disciple are now, as ever, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."

MORE FROM A CURIOUS MANUSCRIPT.

MONDAY, rained. Kept my room ; but I was not alone. Two of the deacons of the church called, and much of the day was devoted to controversial divinity. They were ordinary men in their appearance, and they were not learned ; but still they were familiar with the Scriptures and with the articles of their faith. They were strict Calvinists ; but civil, frank, and kind ; and I respected them. They had brought me the creed and covenant of their church, which they desired me to read. I found that the creed was but the Assembly's Catechism in miniature, or rather abridged. I read article by article ; and asked them whether they believed it, and in what sense they believed, or what they understood by it. This greatly perplexed them : but they still assented to all ; and, when they could not explain, they got over the difficulty by confessing it a mystery. I then gave my views of each article, and pointed out the difference between their views and mine. I asked them if their parish were united in these articles. They replied in the negative. I then asked them if all the members of the church were satisfied with them. They answered, no : but the majority would not permit them to be revised or altered. I then told them plainly, that I could not subscribe to their creed nor covenant ; nor should I teach some of the peculiar doctrines embodied in them. I added that I could preach the gospel, and Christ crucified, and probably in such a way as to satisfy a great proportion of the people, if they and a few others would be content, and hold up my hands. I then pointed out the many important things in which we agreed, and contrasted them with the speculative opinions, in which they went beyond me, or differed from me. I observed to them that were I a Trinitarian and a Calvinist ; and if I dwelt often and plainly on those doctrines which they deemed true, and I false, — even the warmest advocates of them would not bear it ; that, as far as I had knowledge of their manner, the Orthodox themselves

generally kept most of these doctrines out of sight ; that, if they were taught publicly, they were seldom taught plainly and pointedly ; but that they were so handled as to leave the impression that the preacher was sensible they were repulsive, unpopular, of doubtful utility, and of doubtful Scriptural authority ; that they were taught to the children and youth in their catechisms and juvenile books, and required as articles of faith of those who joined the church. I begged them to re-examine their creed, and compare it with the word of God ; and that then, if they were convinced that these peculiar notions were true and important to be known and insisted on, to avow and maintain them ; and, if they did this in a Christian way, all Christians would applaud them. I added that I wished not to grieve nor offend them ; that I should respect and love them as Christians, though I differed in some points from them. I thanked them for their ingenuousness, asked them to remember me in their prayers, told them I trusted they would be candid and patient towards me ; but that I wished not that they should wrong their own consciences, nor make shipwreck of their faith, to please me. They replied that they had nothing against me ; that they wished me well ; but still, believing as they did, I must not take it unkind, nor think it strange, if they opposed my settlement there. We parted friends ; but not till I had put into their hands Dr. Watts's "Orthodoxy and Charity United."

There is nothing gained by harsh language, nor by disguise and concealment. I embrace every proper occasion to let the people know what I am, and what I am not ; that I am as little dependent on them as they are on me ; that I am not eager to secure the parish ; that, if I stay, I shall preach Christ boldly, and exert my influence to make them Christians.

Saturday, ———.

The week is spent. I cannot jot down a particular account of every step I have taken, and every interview I have had with my people, this week ; nor can I of the following weeks, should I live to the end of my term. I have seen many families this week : the affairs of the parish, its dissensions, its

prospects, Calvinism, Universalism, and Unitarianism, and temperance, have been the more common burdens of our discourses. On all fit occasions, I try to put in a word for practical and experimental religion. But this is often one of the most difficult things to do. A great many are very loath to say anything about religion, as a personal concern. Too many even of those who imagine themselves Christians seem not easy and at home when heart religion and hand religion is dwelt on. Some of the Orthodox shun the subject when with me: for they are unwilling to admit that I know anything about heart religion; and, if I mention practical religion, they are afraid I am preaching salvation by law and by works, though they themselves admit that saving faith will produce good works. But we differ so widely in some points, they are alarmed to find anything in which we agree. They act as though they would fain know that we agreed in nothing.

I have this week called on the widow of my predecessor. I should have done so earlier, but was prevented by her absence. She is advanced in years, and is taken care of by her son and daughter. I did not anticipate a very cordial reception. I well knew, if they were strictly Calvinists, they could not rejoice to see a Unitarian filling the place so long and so lately occupied by one they revered and loved. I tried to make their case my own, and I felt for them. It was with an anxious heart that I raised the knocker of their door. They had not heard me preach nor met me; so I was obliged to introduce myself. The daughter came to the door. I gave her my name, profession, etc.; and she conducted me into a little parlor, and made me acquainted with her aged mother. They gave me a heartier welcome than I had expected. After a few minutes of reserve and almost silence, they became free and familiar. I supposed them Orthodox; but they were not bigoted and intolerant: they said nothing about their Orthodoxy, nor my heresy; but showed me a respect and tenderness which excited my gratitude. They had many trials for their faith and patience. If they had been proud and ambitious, they were not so now. They were sensible, unassuming, and devout. The daughter made no dis-

play; and she was not what the world would call either learned or handsome. She was over forty; and domestic cares and duties, with a share of severe afflictions, had given her a faded and withered aspect. And yet she was educated as few daughters are. She had a cultivated mind, without the aid of romances and novels; a gentility and refinement, though she had never mixed in gay and fashionable circles. By their invitation, I staid and supped with them; and, before we separated, they requested me to pray with them.

They invited me to call often, and gave me access to their library. I love to look over the books of a deceased minister. They often help me to form some idea of his opinions, his tastes, his literary habits, and his character. This library was small, and the theological part mostly Orthodox, though not wholly so. "Worcester's Bible News," a volume of Freeman, another of Price, Dr. John Clark's sermons, Thatcher's, and Buckminster's, stood on the same shelf with Emmons, Edwards, and Dwight. It was pleasing to find such intimations that he was not a stranger to my faith, and that he had the courage to spare so much room for its advocates.

When I returned from this visit, many, for some reason or other, were inquisitive to know what reception I met with. I hate tale-bearers, busy-bodies, brawlers, and gossips, as heartily as Saul did. The good I got from house to house, I communicated, if prudence would permit me: the bad, I kept to myself. I mention this for the benefit of all those clergymen who may need such a wise and useful hint.

3d Sabbath.

A bright and balmy morning. I had prepared notes, but intended to shape my sermons so as to meet the wants of my hearers. My subjects were the trinity, the atonement, and regeneration; as I was to have a third service.

There was a full house and fixed attention. Had I been a Roscius, or Whitefield, I could not have expected a more silent and attentive audience. There was a deep interest excited. There were peculiar reasons why they all should listen with eagerness. The subjects treated of were impor-

tant, and they were exhibited in a form new to most of the congregation. They had long been subject to a prescribed formulary of faith: they were now to think and act for themselves, and determine what ideas of religion they should reject, or what they should adopt. They were to make up their minds whether they would remain Orthodox, or become Unitarians. Everything with them seemed to be in a revolutionary and transition state. Every one had a motive for being present, and keeping awake, and hearing with his own ears.

I saw that I was making a deep impression; as I hoped, a good, a lasting. I was bold and frank, but penchant; and know not that I offended any, though I probably disappointed them all. I endeavored to convince them that I was not seeking to injure them; that it was my object to declare what I believed to be the truth; that I had no hostilities towards them, and no immoderate hankering after their parish.

I found an advantage in announcing my subjects of discourse beforehand; and, at the close of this day, I informed them that on the next Sabbath I should give them my views of Orthodoxy, Unitarianism, and Universalism; and I also appointed a temperance lecture on Friday evening.

From all I could afterwards learn, they were not half so much shocked by the sentiments advanced in the above discourses as they imagined they should be. Indeed, I verily believe that a great many Orthodox Christians would be entirely satisfied with my views of the trinity, of the atonement, and of regeneration, if there was no one to awaken their suspicions, and alarm their fears. A great many Orthodox Christians, although they have creeds and catechisms, still take their religious impressions and doctrines from the Bible. They read the Bible daily. They examine their creed but seldom. The more dark and difficult part of their creed is but rarely dwelt upon by their teachers. They are Orthodox by creed and name; but in sentiment they are Unitarians. In speaking of God, of Christ, and of the Holy Spirit, many, both of the laity and clergy, more generally speak like Unitarians. The peculiar notions of Calvin are by the great

mass of them, I suspect, more generally passed over in silence. Those who insist on their assenting to these mysterious and offensive doctrines counsel them at the same time to let them alone; not to discuss and investigate them; and they are particularly warned against meddling with the doctrine of reprobation. And probably very few do actually give themselves any concern about it. In regard to regeneration, among intelligent and experimental Christians of all denominations, I suppose there is no real difference of opinion about it. I know not that my views of regeneration essentially vary from those of thousands of my brethren of other sects. There is more union among true Christians than we think there is.

Friday evening, ———.

I had appointed a lecture on temperance for this evening; and, before Friday came, I found that I had got myself and many more into hot water by so doing. Mr. Pond, who kept the hotel; one or two of our merchants; the market-men, butchers, and many others who were on the liberal side, who were going to be my warm supporters, — were perfectly astounded when they learned that I was about to give a temperance lecture. Col. G. came to see me early in the week, and apprise me of the state of things. "If you give that lecture," said Col. G., "our cause is ruined: there are several of our heaviest payers among the Universalists and Unitarians, who will never submit to your teachings on that subject." I told him, if his cause depended on the patronage of rum-sellers and rum-drinkers, it must go to ruin. I told him that I was a whole man, and would preach a whole gospel; that Paul, when he addressed Felix, reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come; and that I would not leave out a third of my errand to win the favor of all the Felixes in the world. "Think," said I, "how the Orthodox will crow and glory over you, if they find that your society is mainly supported by the rum, gin, and brandy bottle! How can you flourish? how can you live so? You must settle a temperance man, or none at all, the present day. The best way you can get rid of the difficulty is to come and hear me

patiently, and say not a single word more about it. It is too late to go back ; forward we must go. Col. G. staid till he grew cool, and saw that there were no two ways about it ; but still insisted that the lecture would prove the death-blow to their society.

The hour for the lecture arrived, and a goodly number were out to hear me. It was noised all over town that Col. G. and some others were opposed to my lecturing on temperance ; and this was enough to give both the Orthodox and Liberals, as they were called, a strong desire to attend. I spoke to them freely, mildly, earnestly. And no one had courage to find fault with me ; though Mr. Pond was heard to wish that Mrs. Nash was in favor, — a favorite wish with him.

The temperance reform was begun in Burnsburg, but there had been much opposition. Some gentlemen of property and standing encouraged the sale and use of intoxicating liquors, and a large company were glad to follow the example. But no Episcopal nor Congregationalist deacon was in their train, and the better part of the community were preparing to join the cold-water army.

Saturday night, ———.

I have taken tea out every day this week. How much I now know, of which three weeks ago I was profoundly ignorant ! The geography of this town is perfectly familiar to me. The woods, hills, valleys, rivers, brooks ; the names of the school districts, and their situation ; the names of the adjacent towns ; the history of the town ; the annals of the parish ; the names of most of the families, and a large part of the individuals ; the memoirs of many of the departed ; the circumstances of many of the living, — are now well known to me, an entire stranger three weeks ago.

I have walked in their burying-ground till I have got such a history of the dead as could be obtained from their graves, and the inscriptions on their monuments. Then I have carefully examined the town and church records, and their social library ; and have listened many times to the aged as they discoursed about what happened in the town in their early days, and in the days of their grandfathers. Their sufferings

from the Indians, their connection with the French war, the part they took in the Revolutionary War ; their seasons of hard frosts, severe droughts, of great sickness and mortality, of revivals, — all the memorabilia of the place are treasured up in my memory. Becoming thus acquainted with the affairs and people of the town, I already feel an attachment to both place and people. Some, no doubt, would wonder that I could ; but there is, in truth, much even here to interest my feelings, and reconcile me to the thought of spending my days here, should Providence so direct.

4th Sabbath.

A hazy, foggy morning ; but, long before the first bell, a breeze sprung up in the west, and the day was lovely beyond description. The orchards in full bloom. Oh, what a beautiful, glorious world we live in ! As I looked out from my window upon the face of nature, I seemed to be in an earthly paradise. Everything told me of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God. But memory soon corrected the fond illusion ; not as to what God had made it, but as to what the world had become by the sins of men.

I had prepared my three discourses, and expected a large audience, and my expectation was realized. I gave in my first discourse the characteristics of Orthodoxy, pointed out its various forms in different periods of the church, the errors of the system, the wrongs it had occasioned and countenanced, the evils to which it tended, and then I showed in what truths and precepts I agreed with the Orthodox. Notwithstanding my objections to some of their doctrines and practices, I found much to say in commendation of the Orthodox. I spoke of their piety and morals ; their solicitude for the spiritual welfare of others ; their self-sacrificing spirit, — what they had done, what they are doing, for Christ ; their forwardness and exertions for the Sunday school, the Bible and missionary cause, and indeed in all the benevolent enterprises of the day. I endeavored to vindicate their character from all unjust opprobrium, and to show that my heart was with them in everything except some unscriptural doc-

trines, some wrong measures and practices, and their uncharitableness ; though I did not presume to impute such a spirit to all of them. It was rather the spirit of the sect than of those generally who belong to the sect.

I pursued a similar course in speaking of Unitarianism, — showed them what it was, and what it was not ; stated the objections usually brought against our faith and character, and told them plainly of our excellences and defects. I confessed to them, that no doubt many joined us, not for their love of truth and of Christ, but for some worldly motive. “And,” said I, “might not a like confession be made in regard to many belonging to every denomination ? You have formed wrong notions of our faith and its requirements ; not by reading our books and hearing us preach, but by attending to what our opponents say, without knowing how we can and do answer them ; and you have formed your opinion of our character, not from an intimate acquaintance with pious Unitarians, but from false reports of our adversaries, or from the example of some few whom you knew, and who were Unitarians in nothing but the name.” I then charged my hearers in the following manner : “Be not deceived, and deceive not yourselves. If any of you are tempted to become Unitarians in order to get rid of religion, and avoid a cross, you are deluded. I can encourage nothing that is vicious and unholy. You mistake, if you imagine we require a less moral and pious character than the most Orthodox do. We can give no countenance nor encouragement to anything that is sinful. Some of you may be ready to ask what inducement you can have to become Unitarians. None at all, my hearers, unless sit be to have more enlarged and just notions of divine truth. After you have renounced Calvinism, there is still a moral and divine law for you to obey. You must have the spirit of Christ ; you must imitate his example ; you must believe, honor, love, follow him, — or you are not Christians. Vice and sin are just as unreasonable, dishonorable, wrong, and pernicious in Unitarians, as they are in those of other names. After you have become Unitarians, there is a hell for you to shun, and a heaven for you to win. You want all the Chris-

tian graces, you want all the Christian virtues. If the truth do not sanctify you, it is of no benefit to you. If you would wear a crown, you must first wear a cross."

My evening lecture was thronged. As I had not minced the matter with others, it was surmised that I would be equally bold and plain with the Universalists. And so I was. The house was silent, and I spoke with power and ease. I gave a brief history of Universalism, and the various methods which had been adopted to sustain that faith. I then stated my objections to it, and told them that to me the doctrine seemed irrational, unscriptural, and immoral in its tendency.

I have this day deeply affected the minds of many of my people. I believe I have constrained them to respect and reverence me more, though I know not that I have multiplied friends and admirers. But I am happy in the thought that I have discharged my duty. I must retire to rest; yet I am too much excited to sleep. But my vigils will not be painful. What a Babel-world this is!

Saturday night again. The week has been filled up with visiting, making and receiving calls, and preparing for the approaching Sabbath. I make a point of being in my room by 9 in the evening: I can thus write with ease till nearly 12. I collect the materials for my sermons in my intercourse with the parish. It is difficult to anticipate or divine the wants of a society. The good physician examines his patient before he prescribes for his case. If a clergyman knows not the wants of his people, he will not be likely to supply them. And, in order to know what they want, he must be conversant, acquainted, and somewhat familiar with them. But the reader may not thank me for such remarks, and I will be sparing of them.

My last-Sabbath discourses have deeply agitated and impressed the minds of this people. I expected such a result. We have been talking about religion all the week. The Universalists and Unitarians are no better satisfied with my preaching here than are the Orthodox. I am not Orthodox enough for a large number, and I am quite too Orthodox for all the rest. I have in some way or other probably disap-

pointed them all. I find most sympathy with the pious Orthodox. I think I could win many of them, were it not for their creed and foreign influence. Most of them would be satisfied with my preaching, did they not know that I reject some mysterious doctrines, which, though they do not care to hear them preached, they will not have expunged from their creed.

Not one of those who avow themselves Unitarians, and were most earnest to hear Unitarian preaching, is a professor of religion, or member of any Christian Church. The seriousness and piety are mostly among those who would prefer an Orthodox clergyman; and a large share of those who are opposed to Calvinism are indifferent, if not opposed to vital piety. Their prejudices against Calvinism are strong; and they have so long been accustomed to hear religion, piety, and Calvinism all identified, that they are prejudiced against religion and piety. They make no distinction between the peculiar virtues and graces of the gospel, and the five points of the Geneva Reformer. They started when I first proposed to have a third service. It looked like Calvinism. When I urge upon them the duty of secret and family prayer, when I endeavor to awaken their curiosity about their future prospects, they give signs of wonder and surprise. They did not expect that I should discourse about such things. Indeed it is difficult to tell what they were expecting, if it were not some impassioned philippics against John Calvin and superstition. They thought they should like a Unitarian. They would not like a Universalist if he insisted on a holy life. I converse with them freely and affectionately. They seem to be astonished, that, rejecting the trinity and Calvinism as I do, I still tell them they must repent of their sins, be born again, take their cross, follow Christ, renounce the vanities of the world, and become devout, humble, and praying Christians.

And where have they got these prejudices and wrong impressions? Surrounded with Orthodox institutions and influences, they have learned to think lightly of religion. I am laboring hard to remove these prejudices, and to correct these false impressions. I am trying to convince them that piety

and virtue they must possess in order to be happy, let them embrace what form of faith they will. I trust I shall leave them with better thoughts and feelings than I found them. I think something already has been done for their moral and spiritual good. Should I remain with them, I should hope, by the grace and mercy of God, many of "these dry bones" might live.

Perhaps I have hinted too strongly above, that their prejudices and false impressions were to be traced to Orthodoxy as their sole cause. I would not have exactly such an inference drawn from it. I chiefly wished to have the fact observed, that Calvinism does not generally prevent the rise and growth of error (supposing that to be the truth), nor does it prevent sin. Their former pastor, as far as I can judge from data afforded me, was a pious and prudent man. But old age weakened his strength of body and of mind, and for many of the last years of his life he was but ill prepared to go in and out before this people. Everything seemed to decline along with him, except vice and sin. In his days of weakness, the love of many waxed cold ; and, as he was leaving the stage, a generation was coming on to it whose religious advantages had been small, and who had become stupid, worldly, and sinful. The good pastor saw this, dim as was his sight, and he descended to his grave sorrowing.

Mr. Ditton, for that was his name, ought to have had a colleague a dozen years before he died. He knew it, and acquainted his people with his own and particularly their needs. But they were unwilling to pay the additional expense. They understood not how much their penuriousness would cost them in the end.

I have been more than once to Mr. Ditton's grave. Though I never saw him, nor even heard of him till now, yet I feel a sort of connection, acquaintance, and intimacy with him. I think of him when I stand in the desk, and when I read from the same Bible and hymn-book which he had used many years. I have called upon his widow several times. She treats me as though I were her son. She and her family come to hear me preach constantly, and I have remembered

them in my prayers. It was thought by some that they would not attend church if a Unitarian occupied the pulpit. But the daughter explained it all to me. Her father advised them, before his death, to engage in no religious strifes and divisions which he foresaw might occur after he was gone. He told them they had better cleave to the church and altar where they had always worshiped till they had strong reasons for deserting it. "Should a Unitarian be placed over this parish," said he, "perhaps it may be as well for you to remain where Providence has placed you. You can still hold fast your own faith, and perhaps do more to check the progress of error, and help the cause of piety, than you would by seeking another place of worship. If the preacher is a gentleman, he will treat you with tenderness and respect; and, if he is a disciple of the Lord Jesus, he will love, and I trust, in some humble degree, instruct and edify you. There have been, and there are now, good men and good Christians among the Unitarians. They reject some doctrines which I have ever believed and taught; but I cannot entertain the thought that such men as Buckminster, Abbot, Thacher, Worcester, Tuckerman, Ware, and Channing are infidels, or strangers to that piety which prepares us for heaven. I indulge the hope of meeting such men in a better world. I have freely pointed out their errors, but I have never anathematized them. And as I am drawing nearer to the grave, and approaching the eternal state, I feel more and more disposed to regard good men of every name as my brethren. It was so with Whitefield before his death: it has been so with many excellent Christians when they viewed their departure as at hand.

"In giving you this counsel, I would not encourage you to change your faith till you are convinced that it is unscriptural. You know there are some points in our creed which I have for many years seldom dwelt upon, and then not with confidence and satisfaction. They are mysteries which I cannot explain, and therefore submitted to them, as I saw no way to remove them without trouble and offense."

The daughter was much affected as she made this communication to me, and I could not refrain from tears. I went home resolving that I would be more cautious in future how I spoke of those who differed from me in faith.

A VALEDICTORY IN 1749.

WE have just attended the Commencement exercises at Harvard College, and seldom have we enjoyed them better. The day was fine ; the attendance full, without excessive crowding ; the church, which has been lately repaired and renovated, presented an aspect of solemnity softened by cheerfulness ; and the small number of the speakers — only eight, instead of twenty or thirty, as in former days — gave an opportunity of hearing the most distinguished of the class without confusion or weariness. To us, as to many others, the pleasure of the scene was heightened by the connection of the present with memories of long ago, as we saw the sons, full of hope and promise, treading in the footsteps of their fathers. The composition and delivery of the parts were alike good ; and the whole occasion left little to be desired, and nothing to be regretted, by any friend of old Harvard.

Yet there were some things missing, which in former times may have been thought essential to the dignity of the occasion. There was no vast platform, covering the whole end of the church ; there was no Latin, except in the formulas used by the acting president ; there was no oration by any candidate for the second degree ; no valedictory ; nothing said to His Excellency the Governor, or about him. Changes like these may be viewed without regret, provided the essentials remain ; yet it may amuse some if we do what we can to repair the deficiency, by borrowing from the middle of the last century a master's part, — a valedictory in Latin, and

abounding in compliments to the powers that were, and especially to His Excellency of those days.

It is lying before us, its yellow-faded paper marked with the clear and vigorous writing of the youth, who died an old man in the first years of the present century. It was delivered in 1749, three years after the date at which its author took his first degree, and twenty-six years before this country threw off the yoke of colonial dependence. George the Second was on the throne, William Shirley Governor of Massachusetts, and Edward Holyoke President of Harvard College. The country was then, as now, at peace, but peace only recently restored: for the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, only the year before, had closed that war which had been signalized by the invasion of England by Prince Charles Edward and his overthrow at the battle of Culloden; and, in America, by the taking of Louisburg from the French. The war, though ended, had left its burdens, at least in "the dearthness of the necessaries of life;" and to this was added "an extraordinary distressing drought." In view of this, which was considered as "such a judgment of God as calls for fasting and mourning, and not for joy and festivity," the Corporation had twice in that year voted to have the Commencement held in private. This would have involved a much greater change then, than now; for in those days, says President Quincy, —

"During the whole Commencement Week, the Common in Cambridge was covered with booths, erected in lines like streets, intended to accommodate the people of Boston and the neighborhood with the amusements and refreshments of a fair, in which gambling, rioting, and dissipation of all kinds prevailed."

The Overseers negated the proposals of the Corporation; and that body could do no more than to recommend to parents and guardians "to retrench Commencement expenses, so as may best correspond with the frowns of Divine Providence."* The suggestion seems to have been not unheeded; for it appears, from the valedictory, that the Commencement

* Quincy's History of Harvard College, vol. ii. pp. 92, 93.

that year was but scantily attended by the alumni, and that the clergy in particular were generally absent. Thus speaks the young orator: "*Sed quam diversa a prioribus comitiorum forma! Oculi, quocunque inciderint, aliquid requirunt. Non usitata stipati sumus frequentia. Non filiorum suorum ex quavis parte Provinciæ conventum videt Academia, quibus quotannis solebat gaudere, felix prole virum.*" ["But how different from former occasions is the aspect of our Commencement! Our eyes, wherever they fall, seek something in vain. We are not surrounded with the accustomed numbers. The college does not witness the gathering of her sons from all parts of the province, like those in which she was accustomed to rejoice, happy in her manly progeny."] Again, near the conclusion, he observed, "Here would be the place for saluting the reverend pastors of churches in general; but our fathers,—where are they?" ["*Sed Patres nostri, ubinam sunt?*"]

But, if the ministers were absent, the governor was present; and the compliments paid to him, if abundant, were not without fair ground in his deserts. Shirley had projected the expedition against Louisburg; and, well seconded by the ardor of the province be ruled, and aided by some English vessels of war, had carried it to a successful result. We find, in good Hannah Adams's History of New England, that Massachusetts sent three thousand two hundred men, Connecticut five hundred, and New Hampshire and Rhode Island three hundred each; while New York sent artillery, and Pennsylvania furnished provisions. We have heard the story, that the object of the expedition was kept secret with commendable fidelity, the General Court sitting with closed doors, until one of the members, with more piety than prudence, made it known by asking a blessing upon it in family prayer. There was no telegraph, however, to convey the news; and the first intelligence which the garrison of Louisburg had of the design, was when, early on the last day of April, the transports containing the troops were discovered from their walls. The Americans worked with a will, being occupied for fourteen nights successively in drawing cannon and other means of

attack for two miles through a morass, for which labor they were yoked together like oxen. A French ship of war, bringing a re-enforcement of five hundred and sixty men, was captured, chiefly by the address of Captain Rous, a Massachusetts naval officer; and, on the erection of a battery in a favorable position, the French commander surrendered. "Upon entering the fortress," says the historian, "and viewing its strength, and the plenty and variety of its means of defense, the most courageous were appalled, and the impracticability of carrying it by assault was fully demonstrated."

Such was the achievement, to which the valedictory before us alludes in the following words: "*Hanc pacem gratulor Patriæ, cujus ad honorem, ex hac, maximus cumulus accedit. Vix pluris erat tota Flandria, quam una arx de Louisburg. Urbes, quas olim cepisse Marlburio æternos peperit triumphos, quas tota nuper confederatorum manus servare non potuit, his (divino Numine, tuis, Excellentissime Domine, consilium favente) sola virtus Nov-Anglorum restituendas effecit.*" ["On this peace I congratulate my country, to whose honor a great addition has hence resulted. Scarcely was all Flanders accounted of more worth than the one fortress of Louisburg. Those cities, whose capture formerly gained enduring triumphs for Marlborough, and which lately the whole force of the Allies was not able to retain, those (by the Divine blessing on the counsels of your Excellency) the unassisted valor of New England has caused to be restored."]

This was venturing a high flight. The present American eagle was not yet hatched; but its parent, the colonial bird, knew how to spread its wings. The young orator forgot the presence of the royal squadron at the siege of Louisburg, as well as some of the less favorable conditions of the treaty. Yet there can be no doubt that the reduction of this important fortress, called for its strength "The Dunkirk of America," mainly, if not entirely, by provincial militia, excited in Europe no little surprise, and in England an exultation with which some uneasiness was mingled. For the first time, the colonies had given proof of their strength, not against a savage, but a civilized foe; not in defending their own borders,

but, as part of the British empire, in carrying on the war against France. The child of Britain was approaching vigorous maturity. Louisburg gave presage of Lexington and Bunker Hill ; and the country store-keeper and militia colonel, William Pepperell, Esq., of Kittery, was soon to be followed by Israel Putnam and Joseph Warren.

It is said that pains were taken in England to ascribe all the glory to the navy, and depreciate the merit of the colonial army. Pepperell however, as well as the naval commander, received the honor of a baronetcy. He is referred to in our valedictory in the words, "*Auratum illum equitem, dulce decus Nov-Anglicanum ;*" ["that knight, the cherished ornament of New England."]

We find, in this old document, the same contrast presented, which we not unfrequently hear dilated on in our own day, between the existing condition of things and the savage state of the country when first settled by the Pilgrims. "In these scenes," says our orator, "which were inhabited little more than a century since by wild beasts, or men as wild, we now gather in safety, rejoicing in the full light of literature." Nor is the due ascription wanting of praise to that Divine Being through whose protection this success had been attained.

Thus wrote young New England in 1749. The dynasty to which its loyal salutations were expressed has long since ceased to bear sway in these regions ; and the contrast between that "day of small things," and the present greatness of the United States, may bear comparison with the progress which had then been made since the days of the pilgrims : but the old valor of New England, which then won Louisburg for George the Second, has given proof of its existence in many a recent field ; the learning that flourished at Cambridge, under the long and able administration of President Holyoke, has been cherished under eleven successors since his day. May the same religious spirit, with which our ancestors then looked reverently to their fathers' God, abide with those who through coming ages shall inherit, with continual increase, the blessings that Providence has bestowed upon the efforts and the prayers of generations past !

S. G. B.

KNOWLEDGE AND LOVE.

A LECTURE BEFORE THE TRUSTEES, TEACHERS, AND
PUPILS OF DERBY ACADEMY, HINGHAM, MASS., JULY
14, 1869.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

EVERY ray which goes forth from the blessed sun to bathe our earth is a ray of light, and so day follows night, and the dawn comes forth from darkness forever ; and "the splendor of that glorious eye changes each clod of earth to glittering gold." Every ray which goes forth from the same blessed sun is a ray of heat ; and so the cold splendors of winter pass into the hopeful brightness of spring, and on to refulgent summer and fruitful harvest. There must be light and heat, or there can be no life, — not only light, but heat ; not only heat, but light. Now light images truth, and heat images love ; and the Creator teaches us in this divine parable that truth and love must be joined together, or there can be no living, growing souls. Day unto day uttereth this speech to the listening ear ; but we have a more sure word of prophecy, unto which we do well to take heed, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in our hearts. It is written in the eighth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, at the first verse, that "*Knowledge puffeth up, but love buildeth up.*"

What you get in the one case is airy, empty, unsubstantial, ready to vanish at a touch, occupying, but not filling, a large space, fit only to float forever between heaven and earth, and so help out an idler's holiday. What you get in the other case is solid, usable, and abiding ; a building with foundations and roof ; a tenement, that is something that will hold you, and shelter your work of love, and be a real place to live in. The apostle does not mean to put a slight upon knowledge. He does not mean to say that knowledge always puffs up, and that it is better not to know anything, because science is not worth what it will cost in character. On the contrary, Paul prized knowledge, whilst he recognized its limitations. He distinguishes between false science and

true. He is eager with explanations and arguments to satisfy the fair demands of the reason and the understanding. He bids us prove all things. Indeed, true religion supplies in faith the beginnings of knowledge, the very *principia*, the very principles, without which, having nothing to start from, we can have nowhere to go to ; and, from these beginnings, it would have us advance continually, reverently searching into the beautiful divine order, reading the thoughts of God as they are written upon the rocks, as they are symbolized in crystals and flowers, as day uttereth them unto day in miracles of power and goodness, as night showeth them unto night in majestic planets and flaming constellations. It is a privilege to know. It is a duty to know. We are without excuse if we allow the minds of men to starve ; if we keep for our private use the key of knowledge. If only we have God in our hearts, if only his Word dwells in us richly, we shall find him everywhere, and every fresh fact of science shall reveal him in some new form to our souls. We owe a great debt of gratitude to the founders of colleges and schools, to the patient teachers of youth, to all who help us to know, to come into possession and use of our faculties.

And yet knowledge puffeth up. Knowledge may be pursued in such a way that we shall be the worse for it when we ought to be the better, — the worse for it in the precise way which the apostle indicates.

I. Knowledge puffeth up, when, by reason of what we know, or think we know, we are no longer childlike towards God, docile to his voice, led by his Spirit ; when we presume to make our small discoveries, and even our guesses, the measures of great persuasions, and, where sight fails us, decline to walk by faith. Because a man is an authority in one thing, it does not follow that he is authority in everything, or in anything else. One may be what is called a good observer, and yet not be able to see God ; no, not even with the help of telescope or of microscope. It is not the modesty of true science when the naturalist attempts to pronounce upon the affirmations of faith, and the experiences of the Christian. And, if there are those who can show, or think that they can

show, that thought and feeling and conscience are bound up with our material frame, they will do well to add that "material" is only a word which enables us to make a show of knowledge where indeed we are utterly ignorant. For what do you mean by matter? And what do you know of matter, except as points of force? And how would you know anything of force, save in your own spirit's consciousness of freedom? It ought to be said that the antagonistic bearing of knowledge towards faith is in part to be ascribed to the jealousy of science, into which some good people have been betrayed; and the attempts which have been made, in the interests of a timid piety, to discredit real discoveries. Let us understand, once for all, that we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth. There is no fear in love. Science has her own domain. She has a right to reign in it to the utmost border; but when that border is reached, and we have come to the infinite spaces beyond, let us veil our faces, and listen reverently for the voices, that, from the depths above and beneath and around us, call unto the depths in our souls. Let us be children again, seeing that of such is the kingdom of God.

II. Again, knowledge puffeth up, when, because we have gained a little mental dexterity, and have learned a few facts, and have had our wits sharpened a little, we conclude that it is beneath us to work with our hands; that we cannot dig; that we will not exercise a mechanical calling; that, ceasing to be men and women, we must be henceforth fine gentlemen and fine ladies, and must make good our claim to be such by being just as useless and helpless as possible. If I understand the intentions of those who in the former days, and at great personal sacrifices, founded our schools, they sought to aid and cheer and ennoble men and women in their handiwork; not to lift the whole community, no matter what might be their natural gifts, above handiwork; to fit them, not to unfit them, for what, until farms will till themselves, and machines will run quite alone, and housekeeping can be carried on without hands, must make up so large a part of human life. I am afraid, that, proud as we justly are of our

schools on many accounts, they are deficient here, in that they do not, indirectly and directly, prepare the pupils to labor with their hands. I am sorry to say that, as it seems to me, positive mischief is often done in our schools for girls, by unfitting the pupils to be the wives of the men whom they must marry if they are to marry at all. Knowledge puffeth up wherever a precarious and doubtfully honest living by one's wits, in an almost non-producing calling, is preferred by man or woman to honest, hand-staining, face-bronzing industry. Not that I would degrade any into mere beasts of burden, or human machines: what I want is to save them from the wretched helplessness of those who have no skill beyond that of besieging in hungry crowds the doors of every man who has the humblest place in his gift. Educated labor, not educated persons who are too fine to labor, is what our community needs now more than anything else. This reality in our life will do more than any financial panacea to bring back reality in our currency. Oh for an hour of that apostle who wrote, "If a man or woman will not work, neither shall he eat"! no; not though he be very hungry. So long as a hundred persons want houses to live in, food to eat, clothes to wear, and only ten persons in a hundred are willing to build and plant and make, the balance can only be adjusted by a large advance in the price of skilled labor; and pride and poverty must go hand in hand.

III. Again, knowledge puffeth up when those who have gained a little of it on the strength of their slender attainments hold themselves aloft and aloof, and fail of kindness and courtesy, and begin to talk about common people, and have one style of manners for those whom they regard as their equals, and another style of manners for those whom they regard as their inferiors, and fail to understand that to be a child of God is infinitely greater than to be a scholar, and that what we have in common with mankind transcends any private and personal wealth, whether outward or inward. Knowledge puffeth up when it breaks up society into cliques and factions and castes; when it obscures the significance of our great human persuasions, the common sense and the

common feeling of mankind, which the philosopher can interpret, but never supplant, or go outside of, or go beyond, to any good purpose. The love of money is commonly the root of this evil. There is no phrase, "knowledge-proud," to answer to "purse-proud;" and yet men are proud of a little learning, which is really but a feeble taper's light to show forth their ignorance.

Knowledge puffeth up. Knowledge alone gives us only a hollow and resounding civilization. It speaks in a thin, cold tone. It spreads a sheet of shining, treacherous ice over the abysses. It questions and criticizes, and is ever learning and never wise. It is ready to magnify trifles, and exaggerate the value of merely curious learning, and makes only the pedant, who, as Montaigne tells us, is but an ass laden with books: take away his books, and he is simply an ass.

And so writes the apostle, Knowledge puffeth up; Love buildeth up.

I. Love buildeth up. Why not, since God, the great Master-builder, is love! His Word is truth; his Word gives existence; that is, outward being and visible form to his love. It is his instrument in creating the worlds; but love is his Name, love is creative, love is the life of all that really lives, the heart in us. Begin with knowledge, and you will never get to love. The Son can do nothing of himself. Not in the order of time, but in the order of being, the Father is before the Son. "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice because I said, I go unto my Father, for my Father is greater than I." St. John, the author of the Fourth Gospel, is indeed made by the translators of our New Testament to say that the Word is God, but he only does teach that the Word is divine.*

* According to the best Greek scholars, the omission of the article before the word translated "God" justifies the rendering which we insist upon above. The point is not trivial. It puts the opening sentence of the Gospel in accord with the subordinationism that runs through the rest of St. John's testimony, and characterizes the Nicene Creed, and the Christology which preceded it. God *of* God, saith the creed. The Son is of the Father, not the Father of the Son. The Word gives form

God alone is God. There is no God but God. Love is the one life that is over all and in all.

Pardon me if I seem to utter dark oracles. All religious teaching is not included in certain platitudes and common-places. Love buildeth up. The Being of beings, it builds up being. Love supplies motive and motive power to the intellect, changes the fair proportions of the cold image into breathing, ministering humanity; nay, it can almost change sluggishness into vitality, and the veriest rudiments of an understanding into genius. Is it a fancy to ascribe to this quickening power the wonderful intelligence that is sometimes manifested by an animal, in whose poor dull nature love and loyalty, grief and longing, have been mightily wakened? A dog's love for his master has been known again and again to lift instinct into thought, and more than humanize the brute. Christianity is simply incarnate love. Christianity has enriched the world's mind by enlarging the world's heart. Rooted and grounded in love, it has an art and a literature of its own. It has taught the common people in monasteries and schools and colleges. It has claimed for God and for man the five talents and the one talent. It has made knowledge worth while, by making the life, which knowledge interprets and adorns, worth while.

II. Love buildeth up; buildeth up not only the individual being, but all those various societies in which we dwell and work together. It lifts the wretched cave-dwellers, that bite and devour one another, into a household. It creates the home, and guards it against disintegrations, just as the mysterious life-principle protects the body against chemical action, and the waste that follows upon death. It changes the mere pedagogue into the true teacher who guides the pupil by his eye. It can almost do what gruff old Dr. Johnson declined doing: it supplies brains as well as reasons, explanations and minds to discern them. It sets master and scholars in a fellowship, the remembrance of which shall be a life-long joy.

to the unfathomable, shoreless love. God creates *by* his Word, but it is God who creates.

Love buildeth up. You may have a parish and a parish work-house without it; but you can have no church, no company of faithful men and women, who, being drawn together in a great affection, are a real power in the world, and fill a place in it, and make it habitable and heavenly. Love buildeth up. Knowledge cannot resolve the problems of modern society. Knowledge cannot settle the controversies that are stirring our world to its depths. Do you ask, Is it not of the first importance that men and women should be instructed in their duties and in their rights? Is it not needful that they should find out, by study and observation and discussion, what is just between man and man? I answer, we shall never know what is just until we love justice: we shall never do to others all that we would have them do to ourselves until we love others as we love ourselves. Debate is fruitless, legislation is disappointing, civilization only disguises with fair names a fierce and destructive competition, and society is but a heap of ruins compared with what it shall be when love has builded out of the old desolations its city of God. The Redeemer of the world left no code of rules to be laboriously and punctiliously followed. He planted in the heart of humanity the germs of divine love; and it shall gather from earth and air its own, and so all things shall be renewed into the divine likeness. The great need of our modern civilization is a love so deep and so practical, that it will suffice to counteract our threatening antagonisms, to anticipate these eager demands for this and the other real or asserted right, giving rise to political agitations, that unhappily threaten to extend to the sex which thus far has been exempt from them, and combining class against class, employers against laborers, and laborers against employers, until brotherhood seems incredible and impossible. We want a perfect love to build us up above the plane of selfishness, bitterness, exaction, and strife; to fashion us into a true church whose boundaries shall reach from sea to sea, from the rivers to the ends of the earth.

Pupils of the Derby Academy, I am permitted, as I learn, to address to you a few direct and personal words. In former

days it was customary to speak of good learning as the humanities. It was a good name for a good thing. We are taught to some purpose when we are lifted up into that pure and sweet humanity of which the divine love that stooped to share our earthly lot is the perpetual exemplar and inspiration. Before all honor is that humility, before all pride and glory of knowledge is the spirit of service, the spirit of those who look not every one on his own things, but every one also on the things of another. You may understand all mysteries and all knowledge, you may be proficient in human wisdom ; and yet the child of God in you, Immortal Love, may be the veriest babe. Learn to live for others : live for them that you may love them, love them that you may live for them. Love, as a grain of mustard-seed, is worth all the knowledge in the world without love.

It was my privilege to know one,* who, in the opening years of her womanhood, was the much-esteemed principal of this Academy, and, during the last part of her life, my faithful parishoner ; one whose knowledge was possessed and pervaded by this spirit of love. When she came to die, and I came to say a few commemorative words of one who had deserved so well of her generation, pupils of this school, who recalled her gracious youth, said of my discourse that it fell short of her deservings. They would not have said so, you may be sure, had she been only a much-knowing person : they would not have said so had they not been bound to her in a great love, that love which makes us one forever. May your school ever be the home of all noble affections ! and may the end of all its commandments and exercises be love out of pure hearts, and an unfeigned Christian faith !

“As it is better to be in good health, being hard pressed on a little truckle-bed, than to roll, and to be ill, in some broad couch ; so, too, it is better in a small competence to enjoy the calm of moderate desires, than in the midst of superfluities to be discontented.”

* Mrs. Abby L. Wales.

ON
MIRACLES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

MIRACLES AND HUMAN NATURE.

AGAINST the probability of miracles, or of "signs and wonders," ever having been vouchsafed, it has been objected that they are such things as could not always and everywhere, and to all men be equally credible and important. And so it is supposed, that the miracles of the Scriptures are inconsistent with the Providence of a just God, unless the impression made by them should have been uniform as to meaning and authority, from the time of the eye-witnesses to the last public professions by Christian converts in Madagascar and China. But otherwise are all men impressible alike, and exactly by the same thing? Is the same sensation received from the sun, by both Lapps and Bengalese? Is there any drug, which is uniform as to strength and effect on persons of every age, tribe and region? From even a table of logarithms, would a uniform impression be received by everybody, withinside of even the four walls of a market-place? And from any chapter of the Bible, even though read by the best reader, are there two hearers in any church or any street, who would receive a uniform impression? Also, is justice the less certainly just, because of the Dyaks of Borneo? Or is purity, the less pure, because the negroes of Bonny, are not impressible as to that virtue, equally with the best nuns of Rome, or with Christian matrons radiant with "the beauty of holiness"? The miracles of the Scriptures are for all men, but only just as everything spiritual and intellectual, is for everybody. And indeed the full meaning of miracles can be developed, only as they are differently apprehended by different minds, by Origen and Augustine, by Bossuet, Fenelon and Pascal, by Jeremy Taylor, Robert Barclay, Swedenborg and Neander.

It is even possible, that the resurrection of Jesus, may be

more significant to-day, than it was on that "first day of the week," and that it may be better believed at this time, after eighteen hundred years, than it was even by those who "departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy, and did run to bring his disciples word." And indeed there seems, at this present time to be forming such a philosophy of the Intellectual Universe, as that in the light of it, the fragmentary account of the resurrection of Jesus, will glow with that newness of meaning, which will be its own sufficient evidence as to truth. And already on some minds, there dawns a light, in which it seems as though re-affirmed from above, when it is read, "And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow, and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men. And the angel answered and said unto the woman, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here; for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay: and go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you."

In its relation to human nature, what is a miracle? Simply it is an incident which happens to a mortal through his immortal connections. At the mountain, by the Sea of Galilee, when Jesus with handling five barley loaves, fed five thousand men, "those men, when they had seen the miracle that Jesus did, said This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world." But the next day, in consequence of their behavior, "Jesus answered them and said, Verily, verily, I say unto you, ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled." But indeed of the apostles themselves, the night after the miracle, it is written, that having seen Jesus walking on the sea, in a storm, and having taken him for a spirit, and having had that storm subside with his mounting their ship, "they were sore amazed in themselves beyond measure, and wondered. For they considered

not the miracle of the loaves ; for their heart was hardened." The loaves and fishes of the miracle had been wonderful food, but yet what could be swallowed and forgotten ; but if the miracle had been understood, and been taken for "a sign and wonder," then Jesus would at once have been known as "the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die." According to the Scriptures, then, a miracle might be food for the body, or it might be a cure for it ; but when "spiritually discerned," it was also "a sign" as to realms and connections outside of the range of "the natural man."

It is the Scriptural philosophy as to human nature, that man is both body and soul ; and that though born into this world, he belongs to a world which is to come ; and that he is capable, even on this earth, of being born again. This is man as he is known to "the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls ;" and also as he is created by the Father Almighty, who numbers, every moment, everywhere, the hairs of every head, whilst yet, also, he is the circumference of the universe as to power, and is also Providence to "the young ravens when they cry."

Miracles have occurred to men, not unnaturally, but conformably to their nature. A spirit living and moving in a marvelous clothing of flesh—that is what man is. A man in a diving-suit, weighed down to the floor of the ocean, and exploring it, but endowed with faculties by which he would be more completely at home in the upper air, hints to us the condition of the human being, as he plows the earth, and journeys about it, endowed the while with faculties, by which he may be perhaps free of the heavens, and rich in instincts which never leave him quiet as to his hereafter. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven : if so be that being clothed, we shall not be found naked."

Instead of aspiring to what is above, and living by aspiration, we may try to accommodate ourselves to our immediate

circumstances, and propose to "live by bread alone," and with only such thoughts and feelings, as are akin to daily bread of our own procuring. But in so doing, we can live only, as creatures of the earth, earthy. For by our better nature, there is always in us a hunger "for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you." And as to this spiritual meat being within our reach, and as to the "well of water springing up into everlasting life," perhaps miracles, rightly understood, always are suggestions or proofs. This, even the woman of Samaria, would seem to have felt, as humble and ignorant, she talked with Jesus by the well. And indeed always, the more a man has "tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come," the more confident must he be of that world, as being his natural and predestined home. "For the Spirit itself" — and therefore also, every one of its gifts, whether prophecy, or the gifts of healing, or faith, or the working of miracles — "the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."

In the book of Deuteronomy, there is to be read, what was affirmed anew by Jesus, when he "was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil;" and when "he answered and said, It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." And by this text, it would seem to be implied that man lives at his best, contingently on a dispensing will, which is higher than nature, and not merely by such laws of nature as fulfill upon him the prediction, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken."

That there is spiritually any higher source of thought for us than nature, and any other inspiration for us, than from surrounding nature and fellow-creatures, is denied by implication, when the possibility of miracles is denied. And the possibility of miracles is denied, because of what is fancied must be, the inviolable uniformity of the laws of nature. And this is said and done, as though all the forces and properties and contingencies and affinities of nature, and the

whole broad field of it also, were as familiarly known as what a player relies upon for his game at a billiard-table.

For the universe, there are laws, some palpable, and others which are more or less occult, and there are some laws, which as blood in the veins, are like laws within laws; and of these laws, there are some, which have affinities for one another, and some which are mutually repellant. And from all the agency and intercommunication of these laws, it results that the material universe is sustained and quickened by laws innumerable, for which as a whole, spirit is the name, and no other word. Spirit, indeed, in the full sense of the word, is all laws in one: and God is spirit.

But God manifests himself through what is beneath him, and yet mostly perhaps through ranges and spheres, far above what men know of. But in our planetary system, and in this earth, his creative power operates through five, ten, fifty, and perhaps hundreds of separable, distinguishable manifestations, which may be called laws. And yet because of their four or five senses, aided one of them by glasses telescopic and microscopic, there are men, who think that from their personal knowledge of the ways of the universe, they can positively deny the possibility of a miracle, or of any opening, by which an angel, or a spirit or a demon might be able to make "a sign."

A man denying the possibility of a miracle, is a creature of yesterday with a little knowledge, and at the best, only a very little, who yet dogmatizes about the possibilities of the infinite, the invisible, and the eternal.

Telescope and microscope being allowed for as to their powers, and anatomy, chemistry and geology also; and botany and ichthyology and paleontology being fully credited for their reports, yet the words of Zophar are no less pertinent to-day than they were of old, though they may sound somewhat more scornfully now than as they were first spoken to Job. "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know?"

High as heaven, deep as hell — how possibly could it be found out? And miracles are hints, suggestions vouchsafed to mortals, as to the inscrutable.

But how then is a man to know a miracle when it occurs? He may know it by his astonishment. For a miracle calls itself simply a wonder. If a miracle called itself, or if the Bible described it, as being a suspension of the laws of nature, it would, of course, be necessary to know altogether about all the laws of nature, before there could be any certainty as to whether one of them were suspended or not. Generally, in the Scriptures, a miracle is a wonder. But "a sign and wonder" would seem to mean something more express than the vaguely wonderful, and to be indeed a significant wonder, "a sign from heaven" (or possibly elsewhere), made and given for a particular purpose.

And it is at this point that the subject of miracles becomes serious. For, as to the miracles of the Scriptures, there are persons who say, as they would say also about the marvels of all ages, "It is very likely that they did happen; for all laws have exceptions which are wonderful. Also, strange things certainly do happen, but always, of course, according to the laws of nature. Though we can only seldom know what the strange things were exactly, and still less can we exactly know what the laws of nature were, which may have been concerned." These persons do not object to miracles, as curious, exceptional facts, and especially when ancient. They demur only to the essence of a miracle, its soul, its main reason, to its connection with another order than this of things visible, and especially to its being "a sign" made or given. They would be willing to allow that perhaps "Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people." And miracles in connection with Jesus Christ, they would think, might be credited. But miracles with an earnest meaning, and connected with God, are what they cannot agree to, as being likely. They can get back to the day of Pentecost. They are even ready to believe that miracles may have happened; and they can get within hearing of the appeal of St. Peter, "Ye men of Israel,

hear these words ; Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles, wonders, and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye also know." But this argument they cannot assent to. They can believe in a miracle as a marvel, but not as "a sign," and especially as vouchsafed by God : because for that belief, as St. Paul would say, they have been spoiled "through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world." They can assent as they read, "and fear came upon every soul, and many wonders and signs were done by the apostles." They can believe that miracles and wonderful works may have happened ; but that they were started as signs from the spiritual world, is what they do not like to have to think. Yet of Paul and Barnabas at Iconium it is written that "Long time abode they speaking boldly in the Lord, which gave testimony unto the word of his grace, and granted signs and wonders to be done by their hands." So, also, they can acquiesce, as they read about Philip in the city of Samaria. "And the people with one accord gave heed unto those things which Philip spake, hearing and seeing the miracles which he did." But the following verse, they can assent to, only on the supposition of its being ancient and obsolete phraseology. "For unclean spirits, crying with loud voice, came out of many that were possessed with them." Because that ever the other world was so near to this, as to let out upon it "an unclean spirit," which could enter into a man or haunt among tombs, is what they can think no more than they can heartily believe that God "maketh his angels spirits."

Commonly at this present time, religionists think more of the machinery of the universe than of the universe itself, and more of even the lowest of his laws than they do of even God Most High. Whether of demon, ghost, spirit, angel, Son of man in glory, Father in heaven, or any other spiritual being whatever, that the will can possibly make itself felt by mortal beings, is a supposition, which is repugnant to the philosophy of the day, or rather to the prejudices which were created by science when it was young and insolent, and very ignorant of even its own domain, some seventy or eighty

years ago. That the universe, and that even our little surrounding world may have many properties of which there is nothing known, is a speculation with which science easily coincides, notwithstanding what some of its professors may think. The ear, the eye, and tip of the finger are the chief channels of communication with the universe for men, by their state of nature. But there may be other beings, to whom this earth may be another thing than what mortals see ; and to whom it may report itself in ways, of which man may never get a glimpse. And, conceivably, these creatures may be as invisible as electricity is when it is latent ; and yet for movement may be as swift as thunderbolts, and as regards God, be even familiar with what mortals would call "the hiding of his power." Verily, who we are, and what we are, being considered, there is a way of arguing from even our human ignorance, which is truer, more just, and more profitable, than even the logic of science, as it is narrowed by some men.

As to miracles by the will of God, being incredible as acts of divine condescension—that would hardly seem to be a just sentiment, while a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without the knowledge of the Father in heaven ; while the lily is arrayed in glory greater than that of Solomon ; and while year after year an inheritance of instinct is perpetuated from worm to worm in the ground. While the glow-worm shines, and while the young ravens are fed for crying, while the turtle, the crane and the swallow are shown the times of their coming, it may well seem credible as to man, that "the inspiration of the Almighty" should be his understanding, and even that as he draws nigh to God, he should have God draw nearer to him, and lend him perhaps his finger for miracles, and have him pour out of his Spirit for Pentecostal purposes. No doubt, as true philosophy widens, some words also will widen and deepen in meaning. But while "father" means father, and essentially is the same thing in Christian households, and among aboriginal savages, the word "God" will never part with its essential meaning, and will continue to be, for condescension and love, and assistance what Paul felt, when

he wrote of what he had been as an apostle "through mighty signs and wonders, by the power of the Spirit of God."

But it is questioned, why one man is not a subject for miracles, or an agent, as well as another. But it might as well be asked why every man is not a poet, and why poets are not all equal. One man is doomed by his constitution to die at his thirtieth year; while another man by birth is heir to three-score years and thirty. But why is this? As to ancient Greece, why were not the periods of history uniform; why did not every age flower with names as great and rich as those of Plato and Æschylus? And after the death of Euripides or the last speech of Demosthenes, why did the inspiration of genius fail; and why was Pausanias a mere antiquarian instead of being inspired like Pindar? Why a thing wonderful is not repeated — this instead of being the first objection to be made to a miracle, would seem as though it ought to be even the last, in accordance with human experience generally.

As to the probability of miracles having ever occurred or been vouchsafed, it has been objected that a miracle, with advancing intelligence, cannot continue to be of the same importance, as at the time of its manifestation. But really what inconsideration that is! Shakespeare is a greater man to-day, than he was in his own age; and so is Milton. And with the growth of intellect, and the widening of human experience, a miracle instead of meaning less, may actually grow to be more significant with the lapse of time. But as one miracle may gain in expression with the widening of science, so another may lose. For the word "miracle" according to the Scriptures, is a general word, covering wonders of more classes than one. The casting-out of unclean spirits was one of the miraculous works of Jesus Christ, though not one of his "greater works." But to-day, an "unclean spirit," if it could be proved to be existing within human cognizance, would, for the Royal Society of London, and for the American Academy of Sciences, be as great "a sign and wonder" as even "though one rose from the dead."

"But," says the modern philosopher, "Oh, but unclean

spirits are absolutely incredible, being so utterly foreign to our experience. And if really any ever did exist, why are there none known of now?" But perhaps they are known of, though not very widely reported. Also, if there be any virtue in Christianity, ought it to be expected that unclean spirits should be as common a nuisance to-day, as when Jesus Christ and the early disciples first began to cast them out? Also, if our human world changes, may we not also suppose that there may be changes on the spiritual borders of it, and along that line, which "unclean spirits" anciently were supposed to haunt? These questions may appear to be strange: but that they should seem so, is itself, perhaps, a still stranger thing. But indeed as to strangeness, what is there which can be greater than the fact that three, four and five Christian sects should be in controversy with one another as to what really Christianity itself may be?

For Dr. Büchner and some others, according to their own words, clairvoyance or somnambulism, or a perception of a road or a book, independently of the humors of the eye, would be a miracle. And this would be because of what they think they know by anatomy. For a materialist a clairvoyant is as great a miracle as he can ever be shown. But for a Spiritualist a clairvoyant is no great wonder, even though he manifests the certainty that "there is a spirit in man" by showing that with bandaged eyes, there may be perfect sight, and what even can see through a wall.

Such cures as were wrought through the Prince Hohenlohe, in Germany, about forty years ago, were believed by Catholics, to be miraculous. But at present, cures of the same nature with those of the German Prince are common, at the hands of persons who are not Catholics. Be it allowed that they are done through mesmerism: but that would mean only that they are wrought through a faculty which was particularly strong seventy years since, in a man by the name of Mesmer. But that faculty would better have been named after Greatrex of the seventeenth century, only that even before him, the faculty had been manifested by multitudes of persons, not of one country only, nor of one century merely,

nor even of simply several regions and ages. At this moment, the writer hereof has on his table an engraving, in which St. Philip Neri, by his handling, cures Pope Clement the eighth, of the gout. According to the Catholic Church, and the text which accompanies the picture, the success of Philip Neri was a miracle: and so it was, in a higher or lower degree. And that miracles are of various grades as to significance, is according to the canons of the Catholic Church, and the estimate of the Middle Ages, and the doctrine of the Scriptures. Miracles of healing are more frequent to-day, than they were in the age of St. Philip Neri. But the less wonderful, miracles of any kind become by frequency, the more significant also they become in another way. Mesmerism is the recognition of the nervous system of a man, as being through his fingers, more or less, an outlet of power, just as his tongue is. And to-day, mesmerism, with the philosophy thereof means, that after thousands of years, men have attained to the knowledge of there being one or more psychical laws, through which some persons, under some circumstances can help others medically. But these psychical laws would seem to be the channels rather than the causes of power. And certainly if healing power should seem, as though it were contingent, more or less, on the will of the spectator, it would certainly also very often appear to be dependent for its exercise, on something extraneous, and which may be a spiritual atmosphere or current, or perhaps even an attendant spirit.

Among the Jews, miracles of healing were accounted as being greater or less in themselves, and also by comparison, as when it was written of Jesus, that "he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hands upon a few sick folk, and healed them."

That miracles should ever lose in force by becoming common, is an inconsiderate, unspiritual fear. For that was never the feeling of those who knew best about miracles. At Taberah, the spirit which was in Moses, had been imparted by the Lord, to seventy elders of the people, stationed about the tabernacle. But simultaneously also two men in the camp

prophesied. "And there ran a young man, and told Moses and said, Eldad and Medad do prophesy in the camp. And Joshua the son of Nun, the servant of Moses, one of his young men, answered and said, My Lord Moses, forbid them. And Moses said unto him, Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his spirit upon them!" For indeed a miracle in itself is nothing in comparison with the spiritual universe, as to the constitution of which, it is "a sign." As arguing the reality of a spiritual world and of spiritual agencies as affecting men, miracles never possibly can lose their meaning, by becoming common, any more than logarithms by use would dwindle into common arithmetic.

It illustrates the manner in which the ways of thought have become materialized, that some such a sentiment as this can be published, and can even get the acquiescence of persons, whose business it is to know better. "As to the being of a God and his character, the sons of science must ultimately be the judges. And their verdict will have to depend on controversies and inquiries, which are already initiated." What a notion! "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" Almost, it is the spirit of the age, and what might reply for itself in the words with which Jesus Christ was answered by a demoniac, when "he asked him, What is thy name? And he answered, saying, My name is Legion: for we are many." Wait for geologists to tell whether there is a God or not! Does not the human soul know about that, as well as ever it can be known? It might as well be said, before loving their babies, that women should wait for science to justify them, as to the reasonableness of the maternal instinct. A man who does not feel God, can never find him. And it is only as a child of God, that ever a man can possibly know of the Father in heaven, however great his science may be. God is not at the end of a telescope, nor to be discovered by search among the primitive rocks. God is an instinct for us, or else he is nowhere. Wait for what science may say, while the human soul itself is higher evidence as to God, than all surrounding nature! Words of

prophecy, and of the highest, and as true as nature itself, and as simple, are these : " Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget those."

A scientific examination, completely successful, will report God as he is to the stars, and as he was at the composition of the rocks of the primitive and the last formations, and as he still is for what power he endows the whirlwind with. What God is to the worm may be learned from the worm perhaps ; and what also he is to the cricket in the grass, may be learned by the study of its habits.

" But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee ; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee : or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee ; and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee." But rocks and barnacles, birds, beasts, and fowls, the sea, and the sands upon the sea-shore, lilies of the field, and cedars like those of Lebanon, — these things all, individually and conjointly, can report no more as to God, than what they can, than what they have experienced. And what are they all, altogether, with all their properties and qualities combined, in comparison with a human soul?

What God is to the human soul, must be something more than he is to all external nature, and be therefore probably, something even more hopeful.

That which God is to the human body, may be inferred from those laws of nature, by which man is akin to nature. But what God is to the soul, there is nothing in nature to suggest, and therefore also nothing to limit.

Of God in the realm of spirit, a mere scientist can know nothing from the study of rocks, beetles, and astronomy ; though the prophet indeed can speak of him from inspiration, and the true poet, in his highest, happiest mood, from intuition.

God is more to a butterfly than he is to Mount Ararat ; and he is more to an eagle than to a butterfly, and he is more to " the natural man," than he is to any eagle. And to man

through his spirit, God is more than he is through his body. And so there may be methods of God with man, and expectations from him and transcendent hopes, which may be worthy of all trust, notwithstanding that nothing like them, has ever been experienced by dogs or oxen, or been even hinted by geology.

But it may be asked, perhaps, whether it is not written that even a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without the knowledge of God. And certainly and happily it is to be read so, and in a connection, also, from which it might be inferred that even its feathers may be all numbered. And, no doubt, the sparrow was one of the fowls of the air which Jesus pointed to, as neither sowing nor reaping, but as being fed by the heavenly Father. Also in one of the Psalms it is to be read of how the sparrows had built about the temple. "Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God." But, in the Scriptures, are men and sparrows referred to in the same tone? In the Bible is not man recognized as having faculties, susceptibilities, and for God Almighty an interest, such as the sparrow, the stork in the heaven, the crane, and the swallow have not? "O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me. Thou knowest my down-sitting, and mine up-rising: thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassed my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways: for there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thy hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high; I cannot attain unto it. Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?"

David was more to God than the sparrow of which he sang in his psalm. And the sparrow, chirping and feeding, and the same from age to age, for what divine care it may exemplify, is surely no argument as to human experience of God, as regards either uniformity or miracles. Nor rightly can it be, by its monotony of life, any presumption against the

possibility of there having been "signs and wonders" in connection with "Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle, separated unto the gospel of God," or with the early Christians, as they watched the fall of the Roman Empire, or with George Fox, as he waited for the Spirit, or with John Wesley, in his newness of life, after he had been "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, but of God."

After a sensible, good man has learned everything which is to be learned from ornithology and paleontology, then let him correspond with the mind of Christ, and he will learn that he is of more value than many sparrows, and that he therefore is probably treated in more ways than sparrows are, and for more wants than they have, by the maker of both men and sparrows, and of all things visible and invisible.

The laws by which the sphere of nature was rounded, and was filled with things animate and inanimate, are no evidence as to the susceptibilities and connections of man as a living soul, within reach of the Spirit, and liable to temptation.

As to the operation of the Spirit on human souls, there is nothing to be argued from the chemistry of the body, any more than the laws of gravitation can hint as to the manner in which the lightning flashes, or the electric current darts and strikes.

As to whether Moses and Elijah could ever have been visited by angels, there can rightly be no hint expected from rocks and fossils, unless it can first be shown that those rocks and fossils, at some time in their history, were what angels could have talked with, by the Divine permission.

The providence of God, as sparrows can experience it, through the laws of nature, cannot be the measure of that providence, as it adapts itself to living souls, and wraps man about with a care, which death is not to end, but only to manifest. And whatever the connections of man may be through his body with nature and seed-time and harvest, it is yet not inconsistent with them all, that at one time "man did eat angels' food."

There are Christian divines — blind leaders of the blind, surely — who hope to have the miracles of the Bible made

more credible, by the result of a scientific controversy, as to whether creation occurred by development or by stages. But really, whether God made the world with his right hand or with his left, though a very curious inquiry, cannot possibly be any new light, as to the way in which he may have treated primeval man when "he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye."

By his free will, or what feels like it, a man can turn and twist himself intellectually, to strange effect, and can get himself bewildered by curious fantasies, and can even become like the absurdity of clay upon the wheel, criticising the mind of the potter. At this present time, there are hundreds of persons, who think, that for acuteness, they are intelligences of mysterious growth, because they can ask themselves the question, "Has God self-consciousness; or is the God-head a blind force?" But actually, ability for asking that question, was attained long ago, and twenty-five hundred years since was derided by a prophet in a text, which combines the subtlest philosophy with the rarest wit: "Wo unto him that striveth with his Maker! Let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth. Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What makest thou? or thy work, he hath no hands?" And what is there so like that fancy of ancient prophecy, as the modern objection? "A miracle! God allow a miracle! Does not God live and act by laws?" And to this question the answer is "Yes, by laws, and even by what is a combination of all laws in one, and which actually is spirit. And this indeed may well be, because himself God is spirit."

By his senses, which are only four or five, man is limited as to his outlook on the universe scientifically, as though he perceived it, for its grandeur and circumference, merely through a loop-hole. And yet, every now and then, somebody, who has learned all that he knows within seventy years, turns round on the public as an observer, to dogmatize in a manner which an archangel would never attempt, even among mortals. "An angel! This world is everywhere impervious to his entrance, and always must have been. A miracle! It is

contrary to experience. A spirit appear! That is impossible, because of the laws of matter, and because of surrounding matter, earthy and atmospheric. Science is the true light; and apostles and prophets were not scientific persons." As to effect, this is a speech, which is often made in public, and yet for confidence in self-assertion, it is what would not become even a seraph, and "how much less man, that is a worm, and the son of man, which is a worm."

Goethe was a singular combination of worldly shrewdness, scientific perception, and poetic faculty. And considering the manner of man he was, he was still more remarkable, for what spiritual insight he had. Probably there is not a theological speculation of the present day, and of scientific origin, with which his thoughts were not familiar. And he said, once, what may be considered as clenching all the vague, wandering argument of the present time, as to the being of a God. And never did he say anything more characteristic of himself. It is a verdict on the evidences of religion, when estimated at their lowest.

Argued out from history, and from the make of the world, and from human nature, there are certain lines of thought which converge at what cannot be anything else than a throne, whether thunderbolts be launched from it or not, and even though at present there be round about it, the silence of that state, wherein one day is "as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

And very likely it was in rebuke of some scoffers, that Goethe said what has been referred to, and which was this, "If there be not a God now, there will be one day."

Is daring speculation, then, at its best, preclusive of the subject of miracles? It is anything but that. And really from the direction and the depth, whence we, human beings begin our ascending path, which is from glory to glory, it cannot be otherwise than that our ascension should be distinguished and solemnized by "signs and wonders."

VACATION READING.

TRAVERS MADGE.

A DELIGHTFUL little book has just come into our hands during these days of comparative leisure ; and we must call attention to it, were it only in the hope that some of our publishers may be induced to reprint it from the English edition. It is a brief memoir of Travers Madge, the son of the well-known and much-esteemed Rev. Thomas Madge, a Unitarian clergyman in London. We do not know of what publisher to ask the favor. Madge was born and bred a Unitarian, and never formally separated or thought of separating himself from the Unitarians ; and yet, as days went on, and experiences were multiplied, he did not find himself altogether in sympathy with them, — indeed, towards the close of his life, he was received in the communion of the English Church : nevertheless, strongly drawn as he was towards the older views, he could not go a single step with those who treat Unitarians as aliens from the Church of Christ. He was a thoroughly Liberal Christian in the very highest and very best sense of the phrase. All his life he was a clergyman in spirit and in act ; and yet so impossible was it for him to accept the wages of ministerial service, and so hard for him to be bound by the articles and conventions of the sects, that he could scarcely be said to have been a *settled* minister. But how many *settled* ministers render a tithe of the service to the cause of Christ that was rendered by this devoted young man ? — an invalid all his days, so far as the body was concerned, but a giant in spirit. He loved to labor amongst the middle classes and the poor, to seek out the neglected and the wanderer, and compel them to come in, to witness for a thoroughly spiritual and practical Christianity. Humble and self-accusing almost to morbidness, and as we cannot help thinking he would not have been had the spirit been taber-

naced in a stronger frame, the Divine Strength was all the more manifested in his earthly weakness, and the Light of life came out clear at last through all clouds and mists. He seems to us a complete illustration of what the Christian is to be in that church of the future, of which we hear so much, and which indeed is the church of to-day, coming down out of *our* heaven, if only we choose to have it: we say complete; and yet we should ask for a little more healthfulness, though the lack of this is plainly to be set down to the infirmity of the flesh. We wish some Unitarian would publish the book for American readers. There are strictures upon Unitarians indeed: but the true Unitarian loves to hear earnest persons speak of what seems to them incomplete in Unitarian doctrine and method; and the book is by a Unitarian, and so truly catholic in its tone that no sectarist can possibly pervert any of its strictures to sectarian purposes.

We cannot resist the temptation to make a few extracts, illustrating (1) his style of Sunday work, (2) his persistent fidelity, even under great bodily weakness, (3) his difficulty with Unitarianism, (4) the great breadth of his religious thought.

E.

1. "In his letters about this time we catch many pleasant glimpses of the ways in which he set to work to try and improve the tone, alike of scholars and teachers. They were ways entirely of his own; some of them, such as no one who had not his perfect simplicity of heart, and his wonderful power of influencing others, would have attempted. The Sunday work usually comprised an early morning 'Mutual-Improvement Class' from half-past seven to nine: then came school, with a service following for the children; the chapels by which the schools were supported being too far off to be available. In the afternoon there was school again for longer hours than in the morning; and, as to the evening, it was one of Travers's first hopes that he might be able to collect together the elder scholars and their parents for an evening service, as soon as the long summer days should come to an end, with their overwhelming attraction to toil-worn factory lads and lasses to wander off for country walks. Meanwhile he did not let these Sunday evenings lie idle. Each Sunday afternoon, as soon as school was over, he gathered together ten or a dozen of the elder scholars and teachers about him at

his lodgings. Sometimes, when the conversation took a specially interesting turn, they spent the evening there, lightening the conversation with a hymn or two, and always closing with such a prayer as we all used to think, in our revering love, none but Travers could have uttered. At other times, especially on fine evenings, he would wander off with them after tea into the fields near, stretching away from the outskirts of the dusty city into the country, — those 'Greenheys Fields,' so familiar to every dweller on the Hulme side of Manchester, and indeed to every reader of that wonderful photograph of homely Manchester life, 'Mary Barton.' These walks, allowing the party to break up into small groups, enabled him to have some close, quiet talk with each in turn, when they would tell him their troubles or difficulties, ask his counsel, unburden all their hearts to him.

2. "This could hardly last long. By April 29, — 'A new ailment has come upon me lately. I suppose a sign of weakness. My legs ache whenever I walk, and even when I sit; so that I am often glad to lie on the sofa.' Yet see what his very next Sunday's work was!

May 4, 1863.

"I was very busy yesterday. Mr. Hewitt engaged to visit poor dying Mr. Jones. Thomas Parry not well, nor able to get to school till rather late. So I had to take charge of the school, and then to address the scholars at our morning service. I did not go in the afternoon till three o'clock, but had to see a poor old dying woman on my way. She died a few minutes after I left. It is strange that I have never yet been present at the moment of death. After school a teachers' meeting. Good Mr. Rowbotham took the whole of the evening service, — "Come unto me," etc. We had the communion afterwards. Very quiet and restful and happy. I said a little on the words, "According to your faith be it unto you;" which have been a good deal on my mind this last week. Mr. Rowbotham came here, and spent half an hour with me afterwards.'"

3. "'I think some such view of punishment as I have mentioned is generally entertained amongst Unitarians; and that they are somewhat apt to regard sin as the worst of diseases, and the saddest of misfortunes, but nothing more. The extreme to which I have described myself as going, I do not, however, charge upon these

doctrines, but on the use that *may* be made of them when under the influence of temptation. They are not strong enough to help one against temptation. The fact is, that sin is something essentially different from disease or calamity. For *these* we should feel sorrow and pity; for *that*, nothing but unmitigated loathing and hatred. So God may chasten those whom he loveth, even as a father chasteneth his children. This is the mild language used in reference to the afflictions of Christians; and for such chastenings, whether here or hereafter, we must be thankful. But those who are hard and impenitent in their hearts 'treasure up for themselves wrath against the day of wrath,' "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish." The whole language of Scripture against sin, and those who wilfully abide in sin, is fearfully strong and unyielding. The sinner, who continues in his sin, can hear nothing in the gospel, but that the curse of God rests upon him to the uttermost; that he will be forever banished from the presence of God; that he will be cut up, root and branch, and utterly destroyed. There is not a ray of hope held out for the sinner who remains to the last hardened and impenitent. If sin met only with the sorrow or pity of God, and with such corrective discipline as he might see fit to inflict in order to bring us round, I could not pray to be *forgiven*. I have known those who have come to this conclusion, and it seems to me a fair inference from such a view. If I pray to be forgiven, I must have some thought of the *wrath* of God, and of his punishment as *retribution*. Of course, I mean nothing revengeful or passionate by "wrath," but something much more fearful than the common Unitarian "displeasure." Moreover, is it not a great presumption on our part to say that we shall all become holy and good in the course of time? Who can reconcile this with human freedom, — "shall," "must" be good? This cannot be declared of any free agent. I do not wish to lose myself in metaphysics; but I do say that those who plunge into the future, and prophesy universal restoration, are speaking of things of which they know nothing, and that human reason is as much against them as for them."

4. "I dare not say anything about the counsels of God, more than is revealed. When men say that the death of Christ satisfies his justice, or that the wrath of God against sin fell upon Christ, I think they are using rather venturesome language. Yet I cannot but feel that by divine appointment, and by his own self-sacrificing love, and his oneness with poor, suffering, sinful man, Jesus plunged him-

self into the abyss of human woe, even into that deepest human misery, which we might have imagined it impossible for the sinless one to have experienced. In accepting this sacrifice, God reveals his forgiving mercy to the whole human family. In that forgiving mercy, all who seek his face find peace and joy. Forgiveness, in the sense of the removal of the sentence of future punishment, does not seem to me to enter into the minds of the apostles, or to be that of which Christ speaks. We rejoice in forgiving love, inasmuch as we know, that, notwithstanding our sins and wanderings from God, his ear is open to our cry, and his arms are always stretched forth to welcome us home. And this forgiveness, a *universal* blessing, not an exclusive privilege, is not merely the subject of Christ's teaching, but is bound up with himself and with his work. God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them. I do not know whether I express myself at all clearly in my letters, but I hope you may catch some faint idea of what I mean."

A HEALER, a Redeemer came,
 A Son of Man, with love and power ;
 And an all-animating flame
 He kindled in our inmost soul.
 Then first we saw the heavens unfold ;
 They seemed an ancient father-land :
 And now we could believe and hope
 And feel we were akin to God.

When Christ displays himself to me,
 And when of him I feel secure,
 How swiftly does a life of light
 Consume the darkness deep and drear !
 With him I first became a man,
 By him my fate a lustre takes ;
 The North an India must become,
 And round the loved one gladly bloom.

— *Novalis*.

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES. "The American Presbyterian," for July 8, contains a carefully written paper upon "Inspiration,—Definition and Limits." It is interesting as a fair and trustworthy account of the present Orthodox sentiment upon the subject. We place a few paragraphs before our readers, venturing at the same time to ask these questions:—

I. Do "the Scriptures" claim to be an "infallibly true record"? Have we any right to be disappointed or troubled if we find that the Jewish history is given in one way in "Kings," in another way in "Chronicles"? Is it an offense if the gospel story does not read in Luke just as it reads in Matthew? Suppose we find that there are discrepancies in matters of detail: is the substantial value of the record thereby impaired; or are we only called upon to give up an unfounded opinion, and to be content with a more defensible creed? How stand the facts, fairly considered, without any special pleading?

II. Of what use is this infallible accuracy if it is to fail where the originals, which have not been preserved, fail? Can we help saying, What a loss of miraculous agency? Do we not need inspired translations of specially guarded manuscripts?

III. Does it not seem of far more importance that Stephen, the great evangelist and martyr, should have been inspired to make a correct speech, than that Luke should have been inspired to make a correct report of a speech which at least contains very serious difficulties?

IV. Does Mr. Barnes's solution look like anything more than a bit of ingenuity to ward off an objection?

Not so, we think, are the Scriptures to be defended. They are given by inspiration of God as other writings are not, but the Spirit entering into humanity to redeem and illumine

accepts intellectual fallibility as one of the conditions of humanity, and guards only that fullness and completeness of truth which is inseparable from the fullness of love, and is needful to uphold us in an unhesitating faith. It was *not* necessary, in order that the world should be brought to God in Christianity, that the story of Jesus should be told in precisely the same way by the twelve apostles, or that the Old-Testament records should be presented free from the least scientific or historic inaccuracy: it *was* necessary that the words of Jesus should be remembered and faithfully reported, and that the Spirit of Jesus should dominate the souls of the evangelists. We can see, as we read the Gospels, how wonderfully the words, as they come from these different witnesses, do accord, and, as we read Acts and Epistles, how the Spirit prevailed? We must not forget, moreover, that there was a Christian church before there was a Christian record; and in magnifying, as we ought, the first fruits of the Spirit, we must not forget the Blessed One who never leaves his disciples, but is still leading them into all truth.

But for our extracts.

"INSPIRATION, — DEFINITION AND LIMITS. By inspiration, we mean a mysterious, miraculous influence exerted upon the minds of a specific and limited class of men, and producing three kinds of effects: (1) a knowledge of truth which they could not obtain by the regular operations of the faculties, and (2) a power of selection among truths or facts already known, or accessible by ordinary means, according to the purposes of the inspiring agent. (3) With both of these gifts, a third is associated, before our idea of inspiration is complete; namely, that of making an infallibly correct record of the truths thus gained or selected.

"Now we hold explicitly that all Scripture is given by inspiration; that the inspiring agent is everywhere, in every page and proposition, in every sentence and word. That which is given as matter of record, is an infallibly true record. Sometimes it is a record of things good and true, sometimes of things evil and false; but, as a record it is, in each case, equally true. Sometimes it is a prophecy, a disclosure, a command,

a warning ; in each and all these it is supreme, divine. Whatever, according to all fair, common-sense rules of interpretation, the inspired writers felt themselves charged to convey, that the Holy Spirit speaks to us. Error in the passage of the truth from the Spirit, through their minds and pens to us, cannot be admitted in any shape, form or degree, without vitiating the very idea of inspiration as the sole, infallible source of truth and authority, and thus destroying the value of the Scriptures. Nothing is gained to the world by revelation, if men may go through the Bible, each one choosing what accords with his own judgment, and rejecting all the rest. A revelation could be made available by such a process, only on the supposition that man was already in full sympathy with God ; and, in that case, there would be virtually no need of a revelation at all.

“ However, it is a business of prime importance, whichever theory of inspiration we choose, to learn in what degree we have secured a perfect copy of the original. We may not hold the inspiring agent accountable for errors that have crept into manuscripts. There was no pledge on the part of Deity in giving us his word, to preserve an absolutely perfect copy of the original record through all time. This would have required a constant succession of miracles, an inspiration of copyists, as well as original writers, a suspension of the laws of decay, as to the material of the manuscripts and the like. While Divine Providence, in a wonderful manner, has guarded the substantial purity of these precious documents, their condition shows that he has wrought no such miracles as those. The original work of the authors, those copies of the Epistles which Paul authenticated with a concluding sentence in his own handwriting, have not been handed down to us. The versions and copies of these writings which we possess, dating from the second century and onward, although sufficiently ancient, accurate, and well-attested, are not, by any means, free from errors, as their various readings show. And, while *not one in a hundred* of these various readings is of any practical importance, not one doctrine of religion being changed, nor one precept taken away, nor one important fact

altered by the whole of them taken together, yet it is well to take ground distinctly, that, only as we approximate exactly to the original text, can we hold the inspiring agent responsible for the work. If, for instance, sound criticism rejects the passage in 1 John v. 7, as we believe it does, we may remove it from the text without touching the question of inspiration at all. It was not in the manuscript as it came from the Apostle's hand, and we do not want it in our copies. It is no part of the Holy Spirit's work. The judging, critical faculties of man are designed, in providence, to be used in tracing the exact verbal form, and in maintaining the verbal purity, of the communications, as well as in unfolding their meaning.

"We have frequently, in studying the historical difficulties of Stephen's speech (Acts vii.), asked ourselves whether inspiration should be held accountable for them. The question may be put thus: Was Stephen inspired to make the speech? or was it only Luke who was inspired to put the speech on record, exactly as it was delivered? Whatever be the answer, the true theory of inspiration will be fully satisfied on the latter supposition; and why should we require more? In "Paley's Evidences" there is quite an argument upon the historical difficulties in the speech of Gamaliel, Acts v. 34-37. The author is anxious to remove these difficulties, and speaks of the discrepancy between Gamaliel and Josephus as if it was actually between Josephus and Luke. The fact is, all we can rightfully demand of Luke, as an inspired penman, is the faithful reporting of what Gamaliel said. He is no more responsible for the correctness of the statements than the reporter of the courts is for the truthfulness of the witnesses' testimony which he takes down.

"Mr. Barnes, in his 'Introduction to the Psalms,' remarks in reference to some of the most difficult of those very difficult portions of Scripture,—the imprecatory Psalms. He says (Intro. Vol. I., p. 29,) "Some of the expressions referred to are a mere record of the feelings of others; of the gratification which they would feel in seeing vengeance inflicted on the guilty, even when revenge should be taken in the most barbarous and savage manner. In such a case, all

that the inspired writer, or the spirit of inspiration, is responsible for, is *fairness of the record*; or that he has given an exact statement of the feelings which would be cherished and expressed by those who would inflict the vengeance, or who should experience gratification in seeing it." Referring to Psalm cxxxvii, 8, 9, he says, "In this there is nothing which *necessarily* implies that the author of the Psalms would approve of it, or that he would have done it himself. If the case is supposed even to indicate the common feelings of the Hebrew people, . . . still it may be a mere record of that feeling as a matter of fact, and the spirit of inspiration is responsible only for a fair account of the feelings which would actually exist."

— THE WORK TO BE DONE BY CHRISTIANS IN OUR DAY.
From the following account of it, taken from the same "Presbyterian," who can dissent in any wise?

"WHY RE-UNITE? Among the many causes which are bringing the two branches of the church together, none is more potent than a deepening sense of the great work laid upon the evangelical churches of America at this time. Right or wrong, the interest in theological questions which once profoundly agitated the church, and consequently the interest in liberty of theological opinion, are passing away. Christ's people are asking now, not so much what they shall think and believe of him, as what they shall do for him. The great, universal, massive truths of redemption, on which we are all agreed, are now in such need of earnest advocacy and extension, that Christian people, especially in America, feel called upon to forget their differences, and to rally for great practical achievements in their behalf.

"The old familiar work of home missions and of city evangelization and church erection is pressing upon us as heavily as ever before. Some of the problems it presents are as far from solution as ever. We are but scratching on the outer shell of the home heathenism of our cities. Worldly enterprise, with its trans-continental railroads, its inter-oceanic canals, and its Atlantic cables, is enthroning Mammon higher

than ever upon the hearts of men. Teutonic, Scandinavian, Celtic, and Anglo-Saxon immigration is rolling upon us at the rate of six to ten thousand a week. One-seventh part of our population are Romanists, and the commercial metropolis is virtually a part of the Pope's dominions ; and the Empire State is laid under contribution, and taxes are wrung from unwilling Protestants to the amount of millions, for the support of papal schools and papal charities, and for the building of costly Romish cathedrals. The flood of intemperance must, a second time, be arrested. The day of sacred rest must be guarded from universal license. The four millions of freedmen, victims of the enforced ignorance of divine and human knowledge, and of the brutalizing influences of slavery, must be raised and fitted for citizenship in the heavenly and the earthly country. Infidelity must be met in its new and attractive form of scientific materialism. The battle rages around the person, the miracles, the cross, and the sepulchre of Jesus. Why do we linger over the nicer distinctions within the Calvinistic system ? The battle-ground of to-day is not here ; the wave of strife has swept towards the citadel, and yet some are in ecstasies of blind terror about the smaller outposts ! Do not play the martyr for your poor little theories, while the foundations are in danger of being destroyed.

" And while we are busy with questions which have become more or less familiar, in which there are few new elements save of size and relative position, we need only turn to our Pacific coast to witness the rise of an entirely new and portentous phenomenon, baffling the foresight of the most sagacious philanthropists. The stream of Chinese and Japanese immigration seems to have fairly set in ; and, if we have been bewildered with difficulties arising from the rapid influx of a nominally Christian population, what is to be done when the greatest of heathen nations, crowded with one-third of the whole human race, is threatening to pour out its people upon our Western shores ?

" These are some of the amazing considerations which ought to draw, and which are drawing, American Christians together,

and which have had their weight in breaking down the separating walls of distrust between the two branches of our church."

— BROTHERLY KINDNESS. "The Nation," which is more entitled than many a newspaper technically known as "Christian" to be called a religious journal, calls attention to some of the ethical exaggerations of the day in a review of Mr. Lecky's last work.

"We can already see under our eyes, to-day, the growth of the classification of virtues by which the world will probably live during the next century or two at all events. The virtue of brotherly kindness—or, to express it in a more familiar way, of good nature—is evidently to take the foremost place. It has already all but taken the foremost place in the Northern States of the Union at least. The just, austere, proud, and truthful man, who monopolized the admiration of the last two or three centuries, still, to be sure, receives a fair share of praise, but it is faint praise, and he becomes more and more an object of popular dislike. The kindly man, on the other hand,—the man who is ready to help everybody, who speaks well of everybody, who shuts his eyes to people's faults, who avoids making distinctions, moral or other, between men,—rises every day more and more into favor. If with this quality he combines energy, and, through success in trade or commerce, has the power of displaying his kindliness, he becomes the real paladin of our day—will be the good man of the twentieth century.

"One marked peculiarity of the rising moral type is, that it eschews what we may call long views of a man's career. It insists on our taking him year by year, and judging him, say, by the last two or three years of his existence. When society was more settled than it is now, and classes rigidly defined, changes of residence and occupation rare,—when men, in short, were born into what was called "their station," and seldom rose out of it,—a man was usually judged by his whole history. The faults of his youth told against him in his manhood; the faults of his manhood blighted his old age; his

antecedents, in other words, were all-important. But now that all positions are becoming attainable by all men, the maintenance of this rule is no longer possible, and it has become very unpopular, and is falling into complete disuse. The popular morality is, that is to say, adopting itself to the exigencies of modern society. The *locus pœnitentiæ*, instead of being confined to a few of the earlier years of a man's career, may be said to cover the whole of it up to the age of fifty; and the length of time which a man has to submit to public inspection in order to secure public confidence and respect may be said to be shorter the further one goes west. A good many years or equivalent deeds are still necessary in the Eastern States; but by the time one gets out to Colorado or Montana, one finds that it is considered cruel and unfair to bring up against a well-behaved man his thefts or forgeries even of the previous year.

"The social advantages of this arrangement are obvious. There can be no greater incentive to reform than the possibility of occupying as good a place in the public estimation as if one had never fallen; and probably millions will be brought into the ways of virtue under the new democratic *regime* who, under the old rule, would have become irreclaimably vicious. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether specimens of the highest type of character will hereafter be as numerous as they once were. An age in which a man who has stolen and repented is held in just as much esteem as a man who at any time would sooner have died than steal, though, perhaps, nearer the Christian ideal, can hardly be expected to produce as many cases of the loftiest moral excellence as those more exacting ages in which society insisted on lifelong purity as the price of its respect. That nobody, as the Latin poet has said, ever became a rascal all at once, is a very good deduction from principles of human nature, but not a whit better than the corresponding maxim that no one becomes good all at once. Even those cases of sudden conversion, which do undoubtedly occur under religious influence, consist rather in the formation of a strong determination to resist temptation than in the hearty abhorrence of evil. If

we can imagine—to employ a rough illustration—the effect on chastity of a state of things in which a woman who had lost her virtue, but afterwards began to live well, should stand as high in the popular estimation as a woman who had always lived purely, we may get an idea from it of the probable effect on truthfulness, honesty, and justice of a state of things in which penitent thieves and liars and defrauders will count for as much as those who never stole, lied, or cheated. In short, the number of hopeless cases of vice will be greatly diminished, but the number of brilliant examples of virtue may also be diminished; and even those who shrink least from the future, and have the most confidence in the fortunes of the race, must confess that these were after all God's noblest works, and those of its glories of which humanity can worst bear to be shorn."

—THE ATTITUDE OF MEN TOWARD THE CHURCH. We were not aware until we read an article in the "Living Church," under the above head, that in the congregations of Episcopalians the women outnumber the men so largely. In the Greek Church, travelers tell us, it is precisely the other way. It is an inequality which surely can be remedied; and the preachers may well inquire into the cause and the cure of what they cannot but regard as an unhappy state of things. Of course, what we want is the reality and simplicity of the gospel; and even if it is true that manhood is not so religiously inclined as womanhood, it will still be found that a religion which bids us add manhood to our faith is adapted to men as well as to women.

As to the facts, the article says, "In our large city congregations, at the Sunday morning service, a fair proportion of the husbands and fathers and brothers may be found in attendance; but, in the afternoon, a sermon on purely feminine duties might safely be preached, without risk of leaving many of the attendant worshipers unprovided for. At a weekly service, the occasional presence of a man in the little company forcibly reminds us of the absence of all the rest,—the exception proving the rule. In a confirmation class of

twenty, perhaps not one man will be found ; and if there is a church in the land where the female communicants are not a large majority of the whole number of those who make a Christian profession, that Church is an ecclesiastical anomaly, — something quite abnormal and out of course. The Christian army is an army with its rank and file chiefly of one sex, and its officers chiefly of the other. A few men organize and administer its institutions, as bishops, as clergymen, as superintendents of Sunday schools, as teachers of Bible classes, as vestry men, as directors of benevolent societies : of those who are declared followers of Christ, the great multitude are women. Whatever it may have done in other ages, the Christianity of our time reaches mainly the mothers and daughters, not the fathers and the sons."

After pointing out some prevailing defects in the preachers, which are scarcely characteristic of our "Liberal" sermonizers, — their claim of "clerical divine right," and their demand to be heard as learned doctors, even though their learning be of the slenderest, — the writer criticizes what is preached as follows : —

"The popular Christianity has been too much of an emotional type. A religion of sighs and groans, of fancies and raptures, of mystical delights and imaginative fervors, reaches and impresses the woman's excitable and emotional temperament, but fails to reach the soberer, less flexible nature of the man. If it appeals chiefly to the affections and the feelings, it will hardly attract his sympathy, or enlist his practical effort. He may distinctly, yet honestly, admire it, but he will consider it possible for his wife and daughter only, — not for himself. He may own that it would be desirable that he should come under its influence, be depressed and exalted, stirred and inspired by its breath ; but his instinct tells him that, however this ought to be, in fact it is not ; and that, if this emotional chill and fever be essential to Christianity, then Christianity is beyond his reach. It is not in him to be ecstatic ; tears and tremors are not in the line of his life. The character and life of Christ attract him ; the story of the cross touches the very core of his heart ; but he cannot

worship the Lord Jesus if worship must be a transport ; he cannot bow before the cross if he must prove his sincerity by thrills and flushes, throbs and palpitations. So long as our churches present chiefly this vehement and impassioned type of religion, so long as the ministry dwell so much upon moods and frames of the spirit, men will honestly stand aloof from a profession of Christ, believing themselves incapable of accepting the gospel upon the terms which are offered them."

If the Episcopal Church were always administered as this writer claims it should be, it would be a very good place for laymen, although the Articles would still bar out the candidate for orders.

"Our popular Christianity errs again, we may say, in making too severe demands upon men for their assent to dogmatic statements of truth. The woman's impulsive nature, when once stirred by feeling, once brought in moral contact with the main truths of the faith, finds it no way hard to accept in the lump a dogmatic presentation of Christian opinion, without any scrupulous sifting of its parts. Sure that she grasps it as a whole, and is in substantial accord with it, she is not captious as to its details, nor nice in the weighing of its phrases. Her right instinct anticipates the slower processes of the reason, and spares her the need of a prolonged logical examination of her creed.

"This is a thing wholly remote from the action of the man's mind. He can only accept a whole by a piecemeal acceptance of the parts which compose it. He cannot accept a main truth, however much his moral being may sympathize with it, so long as he detects logical flaws in its presentation. He finds it not easy to pronounce with dogmatic positiveness on a certain element of a theological system, and, while morally in harmony with it, must still hold it in abeyance. The intuitive sense that fastens on a thought as true, because noble and worthy of being true, is not a masculine property. The intellect in man dominates over the heart, and meets all appeals with the simple words, 'not proven.' The churches err and fail in dealing with men, because they will require dogmatic agreement instead of spiritual agreement ; will insist

upon requiring logical, instead of moral, adhesion ; will translate faith by 'belief in Articles,' instead of by a 'realizing sense of God.' Our own Church has not made this mistake. She demands, as the intellectual basis of her membership, only a belief in that simplest and least dogmatic statement of Christian truth, the Apostles' Creed. But, in a community where the Episcopal Church is in so decided a minority among the religious organizations of the land, the prevailing tone of thought cannot be ours ; and men are trained to believe that large demands upon the reason are made by the Christian Church before they can enter its fellowship. Nor is the liberal tone of the church always preserved by those who are its representatives. Individual clergymen venture to narrow the entrance which the church leaves wide. As one of our bishops recently refused ordination to a respectable minister of another Christian body, on the ground that the tone of his preaching was not churchlike, but savored of the influences among which he had been brought up (the story is improbable, but true) ; so some in our ministry often dissuade those who desire confirmation, because they cannot see truth at precisely the dissuader's angle, and state it in the language he prefers. If we could once see that a man, penitent for sin, and desiring divine help to resist it ; seeking the light, and following the Master so far as he can, is essentially what Paul and John knew as a believer ; and that his place is in the church, and not outside of it, though he differs from us in theological or metaphysical details, we should have more men, and better men in our churches, who now, in honest conscientiousness, stand without. They find little sympathy or allowance for these doubts and difficulties. They find that intellectual error, and sometimes, indeed, intellectual activity, is confounded with spiritual deadness or moral depravity ; and so, reluctantly, but, as it seems to them, by a necessity laid upon them, they do not confess Christ before men."

How true is what is said of the failure, not to present, but to *emphasize*, beyond all possibility of mistake, a moral standard.

"Men are kept outside of our churches by another cause.

Our popular Christianity, while seeming to require excited feeling on the one hand, and dogmatic precision on the other, fails to uphold a sufficiently high moral standard. A man prominent in the church, a marked pillar in the Christian temple, should be a man of pre-eminent righteousness. His word should be his bond. His honor should be as sensitive as the magnetic needle to any, the least, deflection from polar rectitude. Holiness should not be translated into emotional fervor, or doctrinal accuracy, but be held to mean purity, truth, humility, nobleness, Christlikeness of life. Now men look at facts rather than theories; deeds rather than words; solid character rather than airy moods and abstract opinions. And when they do look at facts, what are they apt to find? A church busied in the wrong direction, 'tithing mint, anise, and cummin,' and forgetting the weightier matters of justice and mercy and truth. They find men of high position in the Christian ranks, who are not held in high esteem in the counting-house and upon the street; who are not men of exalted integrity, whose endorsed signature, with collateral security, bears a higher value than than their simple word; who shed tears over Christ's self-sacrifice, yet are no way noted for self-denial; who drive a pretty hard bargain, and share the profits with a somewhat over-indulgent church. It is very easy to say that this ought not to keep right-minded men beyond the Christian pale. The point is simply that it does keep them beyond it. Imperfect Christians ought not to be the standard, but in truth they are. Christianity should be judged by the Master, but practically it is judged by the disciples. And of any inconsistency between creed and deed, between the high profession and the low attainment, men are sterner judges than women. They are more observing, and, in the contacts of every day, have more opportunity to observe. They know what Christians are mean and extortionate: they know what men of the world are high-toned and true. They stand outside the church very often, because not quite sure that inside and outside are not pretty much alike. Tell them that religion is one thing and morality another, and they answer that

religion might very well be more, but is it worth their attention while they find it less?"

And how should the lesson of the writer's last paragraph be laid to heart.

"But worst of all in its consequences, is the fact that the church, overbusied, and absorbed in moods and dogmas, and petty warfaring, has little time or strength or heart left to grapple with the plain work of the world. When the Master was upon earth, those who watched his labors saw that his hands were busy, and his daily work was done. They saw him healing and teaching; giving sight to the blind, and light to the ignorant; raising the dead, and inspiring spiritual life. They saw good, manly effort going on, and could enter upon their part in it with a happy confidence that such working was worth while, and that the world was better for every day of it, and that there was room enough for all, and more than all, such work that they could do. But, to-day, our popular Protestant and Orthodox Christianity is too little efficient in the plain Christlike tasks of beneficence. It has been left to Humanitarianism and Romanism to shame us by their fidelity to the ignorant and the suffering and the poor. The Church of Rome, wise in its generation, or, shall we say, faithful according to its light, has, in this way, won much respect and indulgence from men of the world, who cared little for the absurdity of its faith, or the narrowness of its policy, so long as the neglected children were gathered into its schools, and the neglected sick into its hospitals. They could forgive a mediæval priest or bishop for the sake of the Sister of Mercy, who brought into the nineteenth century the love of Christianity's first age. Men are active and practical, and look for results. If they see work done, you need not stop to demonstrate that that is life which does it. The problem is solved by motion. The truth stands proven by its fruits. Wisdom is justified of her children when those children are seen repeating the benevolent miracles of Christ."

—OF Hengstenberg, who has been so much lauded by a spurious and partisan religious conservatism, "The Living

Church," knowing the small significance of the man, and the slender service he has rendered, not to speak of the positive mischief which always results from bigotry, writes thus : —

"Prof. Hengstenberg of Berlin died on the 3d of June. He was born in the 'Reformed' Church, and in early life belonged to the number of young men who sympathized with the rationalistic theology. He early abandoned this, however, joined the Lutherans, and went on to the most bigoted and narrow school among them. He was steadily opposed to the union of the Reformed and Lutheran Churches in Prussia, and he was at one time ready to restore the Apostolic Succession by an alliance with the Anglican Church. He was a man of very high attainments, but his method of criticism was vicious, and, perhaps for that reason, he never reached a high rank among Biblical scholars. He belonged to the school of critics who are advocates, and allow themselves to be retained on a side; who go to the Bible determined to find certain things in it, or from it to get such support as they can for certain traditional opinions. He started the "*Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung*," a paper which carried all the faults of vituperation and malice much further than any journals printed in English would dare to do it. German theologians, and scientific men too, for that matter, allow themselves a liberty in expressing their opinions of one another, which would shock all public sense of propriety among us. Hengstenberg's journal has developed extraordinary power in this direction, and in hardly any other. His contributions to Biblical science are not of great or permanent value. He left no school of able men who agree with his views, and made no lasting impression upon German theology."

— CONGREGATIONALISM IN BOSTON — by which "The Congregationalist" means *Trinitarian* Congregationalism — does not seem to that journal to be *in extremis*. We can live without Dr. Storrs, who, we are told, has made (rather late in life) the mistake of his life in not coming to Boston. We shall venture, even in opposition to "The Congregationalist," to assert that it is immensely important to a rich and positive

and practical Christianity that it should be presented according to a broad type by another vigorous and popular preacher *who shall be free from the taint of sensationalism and "loudness,"* and shall be found on the so-called Orthodox side. No matter about the other denominations: be they strong or weak, the Orthodox Congregational pulpit is not strong in Boston. But hear "The Congregationalist."

"There are, it is to be confessed, two circumstances which at the present time prevent the Congregationalism of Boston from putting forth its best strength. One is the physical weakness of Drs. Adams and Kirk, which lays them aside from duty, and so impairs the vigor of their churches for the present, with the pastorless condition of the Central, at a somewhat critical period of its affairs. The other is a lack of that complete, constant, intelligent, and fraternal co-operation, which is essential either to the aggregation of all our strength, or to its sagacious use. This lack is no new thing,—it has been the great stumbling-block in the way of Orthodox progress in this city and vicinity for almost a generation. It has been the cause of the unwise birth of churches here, which the event proved were never needed; and of the untimely death of other churches here, which events are every day proving were never so really and so much needed as to-day. The good providence of God, we have no doubt, will speedily supply the needs of the three churches which require new or additional pastoral strength; while we confidently look—under that benignant oversight—to the new Congregational Club for that work of unifying, harmonizing, and concentrating our forces, which is first of all demanded; and then for the generation and development of that strategic energy which shall take care, under God, for the things of the future.

"Meanwhile, it is but simple justice to say that it would be very hard, even in Brooklyn, to find as many congregations numerically larger, with more *esprit de corps*, with a warmer attachment to their ministers, or a better general record, than the crowded ones of the Shawmut, Park Street, Berkeley Street, Phillips, or Maverick, under Drs. Webb, Alden, and

Bingham, and Messrs. Murray and Wright; while those of the Mt. Vernon, Old South, Elliot, and Vine Street, would be generally regarded, we are quite sure, whether from their Sunday attendance and aspect, their Friday-night prayer meetings, their Sabbath schools, or their noble contributions to the various departments of Christian benevolence, as bodies of believers of whom no intelligent Congregationalist has any cause to be ashamed.

"In general, then, we see no call for croaking or solicitude. We see nobody around us, of any other name, with whom we desire to "swap" situations. We doubt if, relatively or absolutely, Orthodox Congregationalism, since the day of the last of the Mathers, has been stronger in Boston than it is to-day. Nor, if all concerned will only do their simple duty, do we see the slightest reason to fear for its future here, or for that of the city which it founded, and whose weal it guards.

LIFE has become one hour of love,
The whole world utters love and joy:
A balsam grows for every wound,
Freely and full beats every heart;
And I, for all his thousand gifts,
Will aye remain his humble child,
Certain to have him in the midst
Where are assembled two or three.

And still the loved and Holy One
In all his wondrous brightness stands;
And still touched by his boundless love,
Touched by his crown of thorns, we weep.
Welcome to us is every man,
Who, with ourselves, will grasp his hand;
And who, received within his heart,
Ripens to fruit of Paradise.

—*Novalis.*

RANDOM READINGS.

BREAKING DOWN.

"THE NEW-YORK POST" is good authority for saying that 'few men die from over-work. They die from bad habits of eating or drinking, or from worry in work which they have undertaken, but do not know how to carry through, or, very likely, from good fortune. Let a man become independent, and he is sure to break down, and go to Europe for his health. "We could mention dozens of cases," says "The Post," "of eminent professional men who broke down at the precise moment when they could afford it, and who would have laughed at ill health a dozen years longer if only poverty had stood at the door;" all of which is true, with important exceptions, as regards men. With women, the case differs somewhat. Two causes at the extremes of society make them die by thousands before their time. One is want of work; and the other is too much of it. One is the leisure which produces morbid conditions of mind, heart, and soul; and the other is the poverty at the doors, producing the care that murders sleep. There can be no such thing as long and healthful life without the faculty of sleeping well.

LANDOR'S LAUGH.

A MAN'S or woman's laugh is generally a key to character. A lady's laugh, which ran rapidly up the gamut like the warble of a bird, provoked the remark that the soul out of which it came must have a peaceful and crystalline purity. And so it had. Then there is the hypocritical laugh of Lady Waldemar, soft and artistic, like a tune played upon bells. There is the fiendish laugh, which rings with bitterest mockery; full of contempt, scorn, hate, and malignant purpose. There is the laugh of sadness, where the lip just "trembles for a smile." There is the laugh of sensuality, coarse as the braying of an ass, and nearly as loud. Sometimes the quantity as well as the quality of a man's being is indicated by his laugh. There is laughter that shakes the room, and well-nigh lifts the ceiling, and sweeps a whole company before it in great rolling

billows, and drowns all care in a perfect deluge of mirth. Such persons are real benefactors. The biographer of Landor describes his laugh as indicating the massiveness of his character. It was loud, long, and leonine. "Higher and higher went peal after peal, in continuous and increasing volleys, until regions of sound were reached, far beyond ordinary human beings." Or as described in the "Quarterly Review:" "He used to announce the most *outré* opinions; and, when some sentiment more extravagant than the rest had excited the laughter of his audience, he would sit silent till they had finished laughing: then he would begin to shake, then to laugh aloud, — *piano* at first, but with *crescendo* steadily advancing to the loudest *fortissimo*; whereupon Pomero would spring out of his lair, leap into his master's lap, add his bark to Landor's roar, until the mingled volume of sound would swell from the room into the sleepy streets, and astonish, if not scandalize, the somewhat torpid Bathonians who might be passing by."

LESSON FROM THE GREAT JUBILEE.

THERE are a great many lessons which the Boston pulpits have doubtless set forth. But there is one which we fear they have not. It is the grand, glorious effect of singing by *the people*; of music, vast and billowy, as it rolls up from the congregation like the roar of multitudinous waves attuned to harmony, bearing the soul along, and rushing with it into the third heaven of praise, — its vast superiority, for all the purposes of worship, over small choirs and quartettes, with their slender threads of piping and quavering. We shall have no hired singing choirs in the millennium, when, as all the people lift up their voices, the mountains break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands.

ANSWERS TO THE POPE.

WE doubt whether any better answer to the Pope's letter, inviting all Christendom to his General Council, will be sent to him, than the one which comes from the Eastern Church. It rebukes the Pope for talking about promoting the unity of the Church, while he himself is the chief obstacle in its way, setting himself up in the place of Christ. "The Pope proclaims aloud the throne of Rome to be the centre of unity; a doctrine which the holy and orthodox Armenian Church cannot admit, — which, with the other peoples of the Church of the East, recognizes our Lord and Saviour Jesus

Christ as the only Head of the Church," — a doctrine, by the way, which, consistently held, brings the Orthodox Christianity of the East, and the Liberal Christianity of the West, very near together. "The Church heareth none but Christ."

HOW TO KEEP BRIGHT.

DEAN SWIFT relapsed into second childhood and idiocy. Dr. Johnson said there were two reasons for it. He refused to wear spectacles, which shut him out from all that world of mind found in books; and he excluded visitors, and so shut himself from the mental excitement of conversation. He died in a hospital which he had himself founded for just such people as he became.

On the other hand, Sir Isaac Newton was as bright and active at the age of eighty-four as at forty. And John Wesley, at the same age, labored and studied as effectively as ever.

"GOOD HEALTH," a new and excellent Monthly Journal of physical culture, cites these, with other cases, in a chapter on "Business and Relaxation." It says that German students rarely are injured by study, though they study more than we do. But they play heartily, as well as work.

UNGALLANT.

THE French are famous for gallantry, and yet at Dieppe the following notice has been issued by the police: "The bathing police are requested, when a lady is in danger of drowning, to seize her by the dress, and not by the hair, which oftentimes remains in their grasp."

"PUNCH" IN THE PULPIT.

"PUNCH," as a preacher, is well set off in Mr. Hood's book, noticed elsewhere. Dean Ramsay tells a story of some old Scottish lady, who, while mourning over the moral state of one of her relatives, exclaimed, "Our John swears awfu', and we try to correct him; but," she added, in a candid and apologetic tone, "nae doubt it is a great set-off to conversation." So with pulpit drollery and humor. Good people will shake their heads, and call them irreverent; but, after all, the crowds will go after such preachers, and the good people who find fault with them will go too, preferring humor to the

"laced coat of mere orthodox twaddle," or men who "stand like cast-iron pumps, and exercise their preaching as a kind of parish-pump faculty."

"I don't like those mighty fine preachers," said Rowland Hill, "who so beautifully round off all their sentences that they are sure to roll off the sinner's conscience." — "Never mind breaking grammar," he said to his excellent co-pastor, Theophilus Jones, "if the Lord enables you to break a poor sinner's heart."

"Had I my way," said he, "I would hang all misers; but the reverse of the common mode. I would hang them up by the heels, that their money might run out of their pockets, and make a famous scramble for you to pick up and put in the plate."

On a wet day, when a number of persons took shelter in his chapel during a heavy shower while he was in the pulpit, he said, "Many people are greatly blamed for making religion a cloak; but I do not think they are much better who make it an umbrella."

USE AND ABUSE OF IMAGINATION AND ILLUS- TRATION IN THE PULPIT.

UNDER this heading, Mr. Hood enlarges very finely on the sources of power in the preacher. He calls Henry Ward Beecher the most fertile master of varied illustration in our modern pulpit, and cites, for example, the following passage, showing the wonderful provision made in the types of nature to set forth the truths of the Bible.

"What if every part of your house should begin to repeat the truths which have been committed to its symbolism? The lowest stone would say, in silence of night, 'Other foundations can no man lay.' The corner-stone would catch the word, 'Christ is the corner-stone.' The door would add, 'I am the door.' The taper, burning by your bedside, would stream up a moment to tell you, 'Christ is the light of the world.' If you gaze upon your children, they reflect from their sweetly sleeping faces the words of Christ, 'Except ye become like little children.' If, waking, you look towards your parents' couch, from that sacred place God calls himself your Father and Mother; and disturbed by the crying of your children, who are affrighted in a dream, you rise to soothe them, and hear God saying, 'So will I wipe away all tears from your eyes in heaven.' Returning to your bed, you look from the window: every star hails you, but, chiefest, 'the bright and morning star.

By and by, flaming from the east, the flood of morning bathes your dwelling, and calls you forth to the cares of the day ; and then you remember that God is the sun, and that heaven is bright with his presence. Drawn by hunger, you approach the table. The loaf whispers, as you break it, 'Broken for you ;' and the wheat of the loaf sings, 'Bruised and ground for you.' The water that quenches your thirst says, 'I am the water of life.' If you wash your hands, you can but remember the teachings of spiritual purity. If you wash your feet, that has been done sacredly by Christ as a memorial. The very roof of your dwelling has its utterance, and bids you look for the day when God's house shall receive its top-stone.

"Go forth to your labor ; and what thing can you see that has not its message? The ground is full of sympathy: the flowers have been printed with teaching. The trees, that only seem to shake their leaves in sport, are forming divine sentences ; the birds tell of heaven, with their love warblings in the green twilight ; the sparrow is a preacher of truth ; the hen clucks and broods her chickens, unconscious that to the end of the world she is part and parcel of a revelation of God to man. The sheep that bleat from the pastures the hungry wolves that blink in the forest, the serpent that glides noiselessly in the grass, the raven that flies heavily across the field, the lily over which his shadow passes, the plow, the sickle, the wain, the barn, the flail, the threshing-floor, — all of them are consecrated priests, unrobed teachers, revelators that see no visions themselves, but that bring to us thoughts of truth, contentment, hope, and love, all the ministers of God. The whole earth doth praise him, and show forth his glory."

THE CHINESE QUESTION

LOOMS up more portentously every year, and threatens to disturb our politics nearly as much as the negro question has done. "The Chinese," says a Western writer, "could populate the Pacific Coast more thickly than any of the New-England States are populated, and scarcely appreciate the sending." They are coming in vast numbers, and will claim the ballot. Meanwhile they are oppressed by state laws, badgered and stoned by mobs. As "The Nation" says, "Our native cut-throats and robbers take them to practice on." As the barriers of sect and race are falling down, we will be to the parties and the politicians who try to crush down that common humanity which rises up to claim its rights.

THE NEW WEST.

MR. CHARLES L. BRUCE, in his book on California, gives facts, some of which are startling, and some very auspicious for the future of the new West. Among the latter is the influence of climate, and new modes of life, on the vigor and prolific power of the human race. He says he has heard of some very large families there, — one of *twenty-eight children, all of one mother*. *Per contra*, he tells fearful stories of devastations by floods, by gold-digging, by grasshoppers, and gophers, and by the fearful sirocco, which occurs, more or less, every summer. That at Santa Barbara, in 1859, was a blast of air so hot that no human being could live where it swept the streets. Animals fell dead, and fruit on the trees fell wasted to the ground as if cooked by live coals.

AN AFRIT.

As to the afrit mentioned by the traveler, in the Leaf from his Journal, published in the June number of this Magazine, a lady sends us the following extract from Bayard Taylor's Letters from Egypt: —

"While I was examining the central chamber, I heard a sound as of some one sharply striking one of the outside pillars with a stick. It was repeated three times, with an interval between, and was so clear and distinct, that I imagined it to be Achmet following me. I called, but, on receiving no answer, went out, and was not a little surprised to find no person there, or within sight. The temple stands at a considerable distance from any dwelling, and there is no place in the smooth sands on all sides of it where a man could hide.

"When I mentioned this circumstance to Achmet, on returning to the boat, he and the rais immediately declared it to be the work of an afrit, who frequently are heard among the ruins, and were greatly shocked when I refused to accept this explanation."

WITH respect to Christ, the wisest are but elder children performing the office of monitors to younger Christians.

ONE fool throws a stone into the well, and a hundred wise men cannot take it out.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Choice Works, published by Fields, Osgood, & Co.

Uniform editions of MRS. STOWE's novels, comprising seven volumes, each an entire work, in clear print, grateful to the eye, are published by this firm; viz., *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Nina Gordon* (*Dred*), *Agnes of Sorrento*, *The Minister's Wooing*, *The Mayflower*, *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, *Old Town Folks*.

Old Town Folks, the last work of MRS. STOWE, shows her genius in the fullness of its inspiration. Its three distinguishing attributes, power of delineation, insight into character, and never-failing humor, are here found in their highest perfection. The humor in this last work is even more pervading than in her previous ones. It is well known that the prominent characters are drawn from actual life, which fact gives the book always the fresh charm of reality; and it is such a faithful picture of New-England life, domestic, social, and theological, during the last half of the last century, and the first half of the present, that it subserves the end of history equally with Scott's novels, and, like them, will have a permanent historical value.

The theological feature, objected to by some readers, could not have been left out in any tolerable delineation of New-England mind and character. Mere story-readers might have liked the book better, but it could never have had the permanent place in literature which now it has won for itself.

Horace Holyoke, one of the most important characters, has been criticised, on account of the supernatural element in it, by critics who are not probably aware that the character is a living personage, whose mystic experiences the writer has the best opportunities for knowing. In one particular we fail to see the truth of history. We never heard of a dance among the old puritan elders, deacons, and church-members, as the accompaniment of a New-England Thanksgiving: on the other hand, we believe that the almost uniform traditional belief among them was that "so many steps in a dance were so many paces towards hell."

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co. publish also the *Biography of Walter Savage Landor*, by JOHN FORSTER, a large, handsome octavo of 690 pp., with a portrait of Landor, whose soul sits visibly in his countenance. In this, the life, character, and genius of Landor are faithfully given, with much knowledge of the men of his times. Landor was one of the few men who read Plato and Homer as he read his mother tongue, and read and wrote Latin verses, while yet a school-boy, with the ease and grace of the ripest scholars. Perhaps he is best known to the reading public as the author of "Pericles and Aspasia;" but other works of sterling merit, which had been nearly forgotten, Mr. Forster renews our acquaintance with by extracts, and appreciative criticism.

The life of a great scholar and thinker of prodigious force of character, wilful and passionate, but with inexhaustible intellectual resources, passed alternately in England and Italy, is here set forth in its darker and lighter shades, with side-lights flung over the literary history of his times. His first elaborate poem, "Gebir," has passages of great force and beauty; some of which are reproduced by his biographer. Over one hundred pages are devoted to the "Imaginary Conversations," which, in the opinion of the author himself, "contain as forcible writing as exists on earth.

Landor lived to the age of eighty-nine; and the lesson of his life, on the whole, is a sad one. Obstinate and passionate, he quarreled with his own father, and was a constant vexation to his best friends. We are always, as in the case of Byron, comparing what he was with what he might have been, had his genius, like that of Wordsworth, whom he charges with plagiarizing from him, been warmly humane. The biography is interesting and valuable; but it is too bulky, and might have been made much better, from the richness of its material, had the biographer selected more wisely, and been master of a more sprightly style of narrative.

Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets, is the queer title of a queer book, by EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. It is all about preaching and preachers, spiced with anecdotes, with racy extracts from the utterances of the most famous and successful preachers, especially those who have been noted for their humor and eccentricity. Its range is very wide, taking in the apostolic, the mediæval, and the modern age. It is comprised in nine lectures. The last three on "Wit, Humor, and Coarseness in the Pulpit," or "The Use and Abuse of Imagination and Illustration," and on "The Formation of Style for Pul-

pit Composition," are not only very pungent, but full of excellent suggestion ; and, if universally heeded, there would be no more droning in the pulpit henceforth. The lectures are dedicated to Charles Haddon Spurgeon, as they were delivered to the students of the Pastor's College under Spurgeon's care. South, Berridge, Kruber, Rowland Hill, Henry Ward Beecher, and many others, popularly known and unknown, furnish the lecturer with rich material, and amusing anecdote and illustration. All preachers who read the book will get freshness and freedom therefrom, and be helped out of pulpit ruts and trammels, if, unfortunately, they had got into them. New York: M. W. Dodd.

The Office and Work of the Christian Ministry, by JAMES M. HOPPIN, Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in Yale College. New York: Sheldon & Co. This is a larger work than the one just noticed ; more elaborate and exhaustive. It will interest ministers and students in theology, and deserves thorough study by those who wish to acquire the highest gift of utterance. Its chapter on extemporaneous preaching is very timely, and full of the wisest counsel. Part First is on preaching, specially considered ; and Part Second applies rhetoric to the sermon, and its delivery. Then follows a separate treatise on the pastoral office, its relations to the society and to the church, following the pastor into the prayer-meeting, the sick-room, and to the death-bed ; and his personal duties with believers and unbelievers. It is a work of 620 pp. ; weighty in matter, lucid in style, printed in large, beautiful type.

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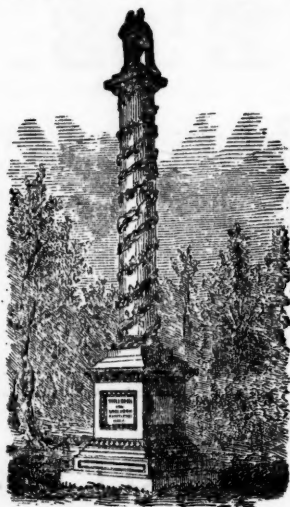
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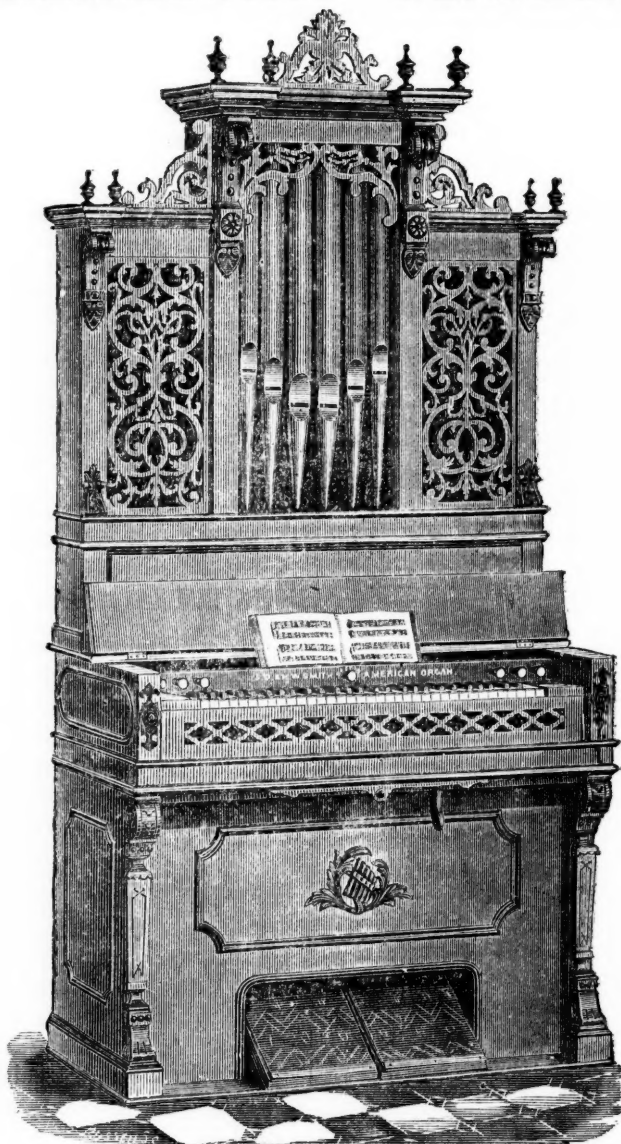
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